

SUMMER NUMBER

AUG 7 1941

# Country Life

JUNE 14, 1941

ONE SHILLING



FINCHINGFIELD CHURCH AND VILLAGE, ESSEX

HUMPHREY AND VERA JOEL

## MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

### GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 9d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Wednesday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

FURS that have not been tortured in traps. Ask for Fur Crusade List from Major VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, Towcester.

MONOMARKS. Permanent London address, 58, p.a. Patronised by Royalty—Write BM/MONOLIT, W.C.1.

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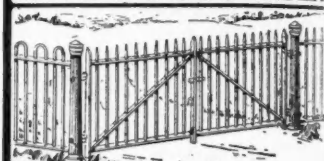
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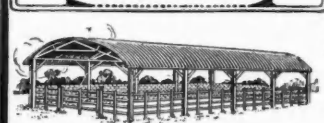
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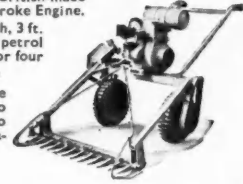
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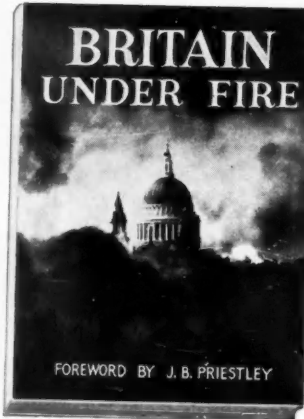
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# Country Life

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE  
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2317.

Printed in England.  
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the  
New York U.S.A. Post Office.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1941.

Published Weekly, Price ONE SHILLING.  
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.  
Inland, 63s. 6d. Canadian, 59s. Foreign, 65s.

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50 ACRES. ALL PASTURE. Bounded by very pretty river.

CHARMING XVth CENTURY RESIDENCE, in absolute perfect order; every convenience; full of oak and period features; hall; 2 large reception; 4 excellent bedrooms, bath. All main services. Very fine modernly equipped farmbuildings. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

FREEHOLD ONLY £3,500

Sole Agents, BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, as above.



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Telephone: Regent 8222 (Private Branch Exchange)

Telegrams: "Selaniet, Piccy, London."



## ON THE CHILTERN HILLS

300-Year-Old Farmhouse Beautifully Restored

### TO BE SOLD

This delightful old flint brick and timber built Farmhouse, with

### OVER 3 ACRES

of delightful gardens and paddocks.

5 BEDROOMS,  
2 BATHROOMS,  
3 RECEPTION ROOMS,  
AND EXCELLENT OFFICES.

*Lovely old tiled roof, open brick fireplaces, oak beams and exposed roof timbers have been carefully preserved and provide a delightful interior.*



CO.'S ELECTRIC LIGHT  
AND WATER.

AN ANCIENT BARN HAS BEEN  
CONVERTED INTO A  
LARGE GARAGE.  
STUDIO.

A VERITABLE OLD-WORLD  
GEM

FREEHOLD 5,000 GNS.

Apply, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD.,  
6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.  
(Ref. B.48,685.) (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

### SOUTH HAMPSHIRE

5 miles from Brockenhurst.

### TO BE LET FURNISHED FOR DURATION

### AN HISTORICAL MANSION

occupying a magnificent position on the edge of the New Forest.

7 reception rooms, billiard room, 30 principal and secondary bedrooms, 6 bathrooms. Servants' hall, etc. Passenger lift. Centrally heated. Electric light.

Ample garage accommodation.

Pleasurable use of the delightful grounds, hard and grass courts, lakes, park, etc.

Held for the duration at £1,500 p.a., inclusive of the upkeep of the grounds.

The interest in this renting is available for transfer to a responsible party.

Sole Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. H.13,508.) (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

### YORKSHIRE

Within easy reach of large city.

### A WELL-KNOWN COUNTRY RESIDENCE

18 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, 6 reception rooms. Garages, Stabling. Home Farm, Farmhouse, Cottages, etc.,

### ABOUT 350 ACRES

### FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION

Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. S.28,046.) (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

### ON THE SURREY HILLS

About 400ft. up, commanding extensive views and adjacent to Golf Course.

### FOR SALE FREEHOLD

### A REALLY CHOICE MODERN RESIDENCE

easily run and in good order.

Large hall, spacious lounge and 2 other reception rooms, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and compact offices. All main services.

Brick-built GARAGE for 2 cars.

Nicely laid out Gardens with rose and flower gardens, orchard and kitchen garden in all about ½ AN ACRE.

Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. S.46,745a.) (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19. Tel. WIM. 0081.

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861

'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

## TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

£4,500 65 ACRES

### DEVON—DARTMOOR

Beautiful part—3 miles Chagford  
CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE  
4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.  
Fitted basins (h. & c.)

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.  
Garage, Stabling, Farmhouse and Buildings.  
LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.  
Bathing pool. Pasture and Arable.  
Land easily lets if not wanted.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)



£3,300 2 ACRES

### DEVON

9 miles Exeter and Honiton, 5 minutes' walk station.

### THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE

4 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms.  
Fitted basins in 4 bedrooms. Main electricity. Telephone.  
Garage. Stabling. Greenhouse.

Attractive gardens, kitchen garden and orchard.

### 2 ACRES

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,222.)

### 35 OR 250 ACRES

110 ACRES pasture, remainder arable and wood.

### 40 MILES LONDON

LOVELY OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

FULL OF OLD OAK AND OTHER FEATURES  
3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. New drainage. Telephone. "Aga" cooker.  
Stabling. Garages. 2 Cottages. Farmbuildings.

SECONDARY HOUSE (2 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms).

FOR SALE WITH FROM 35 ACRES UPWARDS  
TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,249.)

### WANTED

### WANTED TO PURCHASE

### IN SOUTH-WESTERN MIDLANDS

### FARM OF FROM 1300 TO 400 ACRES

with

GOOD HOUSE (7 to 8 bedrooms), COTTAGES, etc.

"A.F." TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

**URGENTLY WANTED** within 60 miles of Waterloo, Country House (7/8 bed, 2/3 bath, 3/4 reception), main services and central heating. To rent Furnished or Unfurnished, or would Buy if 20 acres upwards land included.—"M." TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE** within 10/12 miles Cranleigh (distance station immaterial) nice Country House, preferably old, 5/6 bed, main services liked. Minimum 5 acres.—"S." TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE** within 30 miles of London (not East), a modernised Country House (not less than 8 bedrooms), gardens, and paddocks.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

**WANTED**, within 35 miles London (W.—N.W.), good modern House, 6/8 bed, 3 rec. and 2 to 6 acres. Main e.l. Good price will be paid for suitable property.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. ("L.")

£800 cash, £1,500 on Mortgage at 4 per cent.

### DEVON

Between Dartmouth and Kingsbridge.

### ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE

Billiard room, 2 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage. Gardens of an Acre. More land available.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,581.)

### 10 guineas per week plus Gardener COTSWOLDS

13 miles Cheltenham, 10 Burford, 1 mile village.

### WELL FURNISHED COTSWOLD RESIDENCE

In excellent order.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Hall, 3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms.

Garage for 2. Stabling for 4.

Delightful gardens, tennis lawn, walled kitchen and garden and paddocks.

6 ACRES. STRONGLY RECOMMENDED  
TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,651.)

£4,000 GREAT BARGAIN

### FALMOUTH HARBOUR

On Southern slope of wooded valley; 6 miles Falmouth,

10 Truro.

### DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE

In excellent order.

HALL. 3 RECEPTION. 5 BEDROOMS. 2 BATHROOMS.

Main electricity.

2 GARAGES. BOATHOUSE.

### LOVELY GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

Frontage to Fal Estuary.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,320.)

£4,500 24 ACRES

### DEVON

15 miles from Exeter. 600ft. up. Extensive views.

### FINE GEORGIAN TYPE RESIDENCE

4 reception, 3 bath, 9 bed (fitted basins).

Central heating. Telephone. Wired electric light.

GARAGE for 4. Stabling.

Nicely timbered grounds. Tennis and other lawns.  
Kitchen garden. Orchard, pasture and woodland.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (8802.)



Telephone No.:  
Regent 4304.

## OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,  
PICCADILLY, W.1

### SALOP—CHESHIRE BORDERS

BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE WITH CAPITAL DAIRY FARM  
Long stretch of Trout Fishing



The Residence stands high on sandy soil with southerly aspect, and has about 10 bedrooms, usual reception rooms, etc. Modern conveniences.

Cottages. Stabling.

Splendid range of Farmbuildings.

Attractive pleasure gardens, parklands, rich, well-watered pastures; in all about

**240 ACRES**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (16,755.)

### WANTED

MESSRS. OSBORN & MERCER have a very considerable number of enquiries from Buyers anxious to purchase small or medium size residential properties in the country, particularly the HOME COUNTIES.

Recent advertising of a number of such places (mostly sold very quickly) has left MESSRS. OSBORN & MERCER with many disappointed applicants, consequently they ask owners who would be interested in taking advantage of what is, without doubt, a first-class opportunity of effecting a satisfactory sale of their property, to communicate with them, giving full particulars and, if possible, photographs.

### WILTS AND GLOS BORDERS

In a delightful rural district within easy reach of Malmesbury and Chippenham.

350ft. above sea level. South aspect.

**A SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 160 ACRES**



A Modern House of character, well planned and up to date.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central heating.

Farmery. Fine range of stabling. 3 cottages, etc.

Charming gardens, finely timbered parks, rich old pasture, etc.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,267.)

### OXON AND BUCKS BORDERS

ON THE WESTERN SLOPES OF THE CHILTERN HILLS

Completely rural. Fine panoramic views.



**DELIGHTFUL SMALL MODERN HOUSE**

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom.

Modern Conveniences. Lodge. Stabling. Garage.

Matured Gardens: hard tennis court. Paddock and Woodland.

**20 ACRES**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (14,191.)

### ADJOINING A SURREY COMMON

In a high healthy position on sandy soil.

**AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE**

with 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

All Main services. Central heating

Delightful gardens and grounds with some

Woodland intercepted by a stream.

**ABOUT 3½ ACRES**

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD.**

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2192.)

### WILTS. ONLY £2,000.

About 400ft. up in an unspoilt typical Wiltshire village.

An attractive old Residence of the Cotswold style

with fine old beams, mullioned windows, etc.

Hall, 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices.

Excellent water supply. Main electricity available.

Inexpensive gardens, ornamental trees, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 1 acre.

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2210.)

3, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 1032-33.

### THIS FASCINATING OLD FARMHOUSE OF EARLY TUDOR ORIGIN

London 20 miles. Unspoilt countryside. 700ft. above sea level.



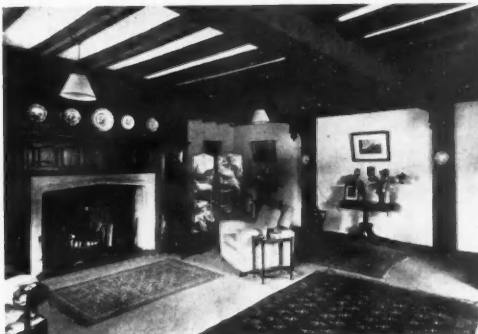
Completely restored and carefully modernised. Easily run with small staff. Handsome lounge 24ft. by 21ft. Old oak panelling and original fireplace. Secluded position away from roads. Drive approach. Convenient for bus services.

2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main water and electricity. Radiators. Modern drainage. Range of buildings forming courtyard (one being convertible into cottage). Garage (3). Cottage, etc.

Lovely Gardens. Old Lawns. Fine Trees. Box and yew hedges, arbour, kitchen garden. Bomb-proof shelter. Woodland. Pasture and arable, in all

**ABOUT 46 ACRES**



**FREEHOLD FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICE**

Highly recommended from personal knowledge by Sole Agents: Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (12,548.)

### INTERESTING LANDED ESTATES AND FARMS FOR INVESTMENT

#### DEVONSHIRE

At the head of a well-known Valley.  
**FINE RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE of about 485 ACRES**

Historical Residence. Long, low type, modernised at great expense. 3 FARMS. 2 sets of Modernised Buildings. 6 Cottages.

**FOR SALE AS A WHOLE WITH POSSESSION OR WOULD BE DIVIDED**

OWNER WOULD REMAIN ON AS A TENANT ON A 4 PER CENT. BASIS

Details of RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

#### IN A MUCH SOUGHT AFTER AGRICULTURAL COUNTY

**BLOCK OF FARMS EXTENDING TO NEARLY 1,000 ACRES**

Let to show a good return.

**A SOUND INVESTMENT**

#### BUCKS

Conveniently situated for station and market towns.

**FIRST CLASS FEEDING FARM EXTENDING TO ABOUT 195 ACRES**

Bounded by the River Ouse and lying within a ring fence.

**SMALL HISTORICAL MANOR HOUSE**

AMPLE BUILDINGS. 3 COTTAGES.

Vacant possession.

**FREEHOLD £9,000**

(Outgoings £35 p.a.)

#### FAVOURITE HOME COUNTY

Within 50 miles of London.

**FINE RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE of nearly 2,000 ACRES**

**ALL LET AND PRODUCING A SUBSTANTIAL INCOME**

VALUABLE WOODLANDS

#### SUSSEX

Quiet and Attractive Position.

**BEAUTIFUL OLD MANOR HOUSE**

Sympathetically Restored and Modernised. Many Delightful Period Features.

7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Electric light. Good water supply.

New Drainage. Stabling. Garages. Secondary House. 2 Excellent Cottages. Fine

Range of Farm Buildings. 110 ACRES PASTURE. REMAINDER ARABLE AND WOODLAND. **FOR SALE WITH 35 or 249 ACRES.**

Details of Owner's Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

Particulars of the above and other ESTATES, FARMS, ETC., FOR INVESTMENT OR OCCUPATION, apply RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.

# GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:  
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at  
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
68, Victoria Street,  
Westminster, S.W.1.

## SIX MILES NEWBURY

To be let furnished for one year upwards.



ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE in lovely position. Beautiful views. 15 bed, 3 bath, 4 rec. rooms. Main electricity. Electrically pumped water. Garage.

Lovely Gardens and Shooting over 3/400 acres Available from mid-May.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.4239.)

## 38 MILES LONDON

For Business, Scholastic or similar purpose.



SPACIOUS MODERN MANSION

In accessible position, facing village green.

33 bed, 7 bath, 4 rec. rooms. Main water and electricity.

Central heating. Garage. 6-roomed Lodge.

6 ACRES. FOR SALE.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.2402.)

## COTSWOLDS

400ft. up. 10 minutes bus route. Safe area. FINE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE



With spacious rooms, ideal for school, business purposes, etc. 20 bed, 3 bath, 2 halls, 4 reception rooms, billiard room (now Chapel). Main electric light. Good water. Central heating. Radiators. Garage.

15 ACRES GROUNDS AND MEADOW SALE URGENTLY DESIRED

Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (7223.)

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1.

# JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRES AND SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

Telephone:  
Regent 0911

## HERTFORDSHIRE

### NEAR THE ESSEX BORDERS

#### A RESIDENTIAL FARM OF 150 ACRES

A few miles from main line station with normal train service to London in 40 minutes.

The RESIDENCE is of TUDOR ORIGIN, ORIGINALLY A FARMHOUSE, stands 300ft. above sea level and contains 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms and complete offices. Electric lighting installed. Garage for 2 cars, also range of farmbuildings and 2 cottages. The grounds and orchard extend to about

5 ACRES

and with the farmlands total approximately 150 ACRES. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 19,072.)

## HEREFORDSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE BORDERS

4 miles from a market town with omnibus service.

A SUBSTANTIALLY CONSTRUCTED RESIDENCE containing entrance and inner halls, 3 reception rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, 3 attic bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Electric lighting from private plant. The Stabling comprises 2 stalls and loose box. Garage for 2 cars and large store room. The grounds comprise about

2½ ACRES

and are intersected by a trout stream, and an additional 2½ acres is probably available.

PRICE FREEHOLD £3,750

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 19,844.)

## SOUTH DORSETSHIRE

Within 10 miles of the coast and easy reach of the county town. THE RESIDENCE FACES SOUTH AND WEST and contains 3 reception rooms, 6 best bedrooms and 3 servants' rooms, 3 bathrooms and complete offices including servants' hall. Main electric current connected. The gardens include tennis lawn and walled fruit and kitchen garden, the remainder being pasture land with a total area of about

11 ACRES

Cottage containing 3 bedrooms. Salmon and trout fishing are usually obtainable.

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,000

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 10,749.)

## DORSETSHIRE 2½ MILES FROM JUNCTION STATION

In a delightful part of the county, a few miles from Sherborne. THE RESIDENCE STANDS WELL BACK FROM THE ROAD, FACES SOUTH and contains 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and offices. Stabling comprising 3 stalls, 1 loose box, garage, etc. Also 2 cottages now let on monthly tenancies. The grounds, kitchen garden and orchard extend to about

3 ACRES

A further 20 acres of meadow land bounded by a trout stream could probably be purchased.

PRICE £3,200

Including the cottages which could be excluded if desired. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 19,489.)

## WEST SUSSEX NEAR THE HAMPSHIRE BORDER

Occupying a very beautiful situation with views to the South Downs.

THE HOUSE PARTLY DATES FROM THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD with later additions and contains 2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc. Central heating. Electricity from Company's mains. The outbuildings include 2 garages, stabling for 6 horses. The farm extends to about 94 acres and is separately let. The remainder comprises grazing land and 37 acres of woodland, the total area being approximately

167 ACRES

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 19,825.)

## WILTSHIRE—BEAUFORT HUNT AND V.W.H.

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY, the house being of moderate size, containing 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms and bathroom. Water from estate supply. The farmbuildings are particularly good, stone built with stone roofs. The land includes pastures of very high quality, well watered, the total area being a little less than

400 ACRES

THE RESIDENCE MIGHT BE SOLD WITH LESS LAND JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 19,759.)

Telephone:  
Grosvenor 2252  
(6 lines)

# CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

## NEW FOREST

A well-built house of red brick with slated roof. Hall, 2/3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Usual offices. "Aga" stove.

GARAGE. STABLING.

Main electricity.

ABOUT 3½ ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## SURREY

25 miles from London.

### A SUPERB HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE

Dating from the 15th century.

Entrance hall, magnificent galleried dining hall, 2 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. Excellent offices. Main water, central heating. Lodge. Cottage. LOVELY OLD GARDENS.

ABOUT 20 ACRES

FOR SALE, OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## COTSWOLDS

### ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE

on the outskirts of a village.

7 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, usual offices.

Central heating throughout. Main electric light.

Water and drainage.

LODGE. GARAGE. 2 COTTAGES.

ABOUT 7 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## BERKSHIRE

### SUITABLE FOR A SCHOOL OR OFFICES. ATTRACTIVE SQUARE-BUILT HOUSE

containing 4 reception rooms, billiard room, conservatory, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; usual offices, including servants' hall. Also 5 rooms in semi-basement. Lodge. Excellent stabling. Garage for 3 cars. Chauffeur's quarters. In all about 6 Acres.

PRICE £15,000

A further 16 Acres including a model farmery and 4 cottages can be had if required.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## NORTH DEVON

### A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE

in a secluded position, containing hall, 4 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light. Ample water.

GARAGES. STABLING. Beautiful gardens and woodland, with long sea frontage.

100 ACRES. PRICE £6,000

OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED.

For Sale.—Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## WILTSHIRE

### EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE

2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Every convenience and comfort.

Garage. Stabling. 2 Lodges. Lovely gardens and park.

ABOUT 84 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Sole Agents:

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## SHOOTINGS, FISHINGS, ETC.

WANTED IN SCOTLAND Shooting over 10,000 acres. Grouse and various. Stags and Salmon Fishing. Must be cheap for cash under existing circumstances.—Box "A.710," c/o COUNTRY LIFE OFFICE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

FOR SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD, WORCS., etc., and MID WALES, apply leading Agents: ("Phone: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, SHREWSBURY. 2061.)

SALISBURY & DISTRICT.—ESTATE AGENTS  
MYDDELTON & MAJOR, F.A.I., SALISBURY.

LEICESTERSHIRE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES  
HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO.,  
(ESTABLISHED 1809.) MARKET HARBOUROUGH.  
LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS  
PROPERTY MANAGEMENT VALUATIONS FOR PROBATE

NEW EDITION NOW READY  
DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES  
THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.  
Price 2/6.  
SELECTED LISTS FREE.  
RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,  
(Est. 1884.) EXETER.



5, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones :  
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).  
ESTABLISHED 1875.

### SUSSEX

Near Rudgwick.



#### TO LET FURNISHED.

#### QUEEN ANNE MANOR HOUSE

Built of old mellow bricks and tiled roof. Near to village and convenient to Horsham.

5 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Company's electric light and water. Central heating. Stabling. Garage and Outbuildings. Gymnasium. Entrance Lodge and 2 Cottages. Squash Racquet Court.

Old world gardens. Hard and grass tennis courts. Excellent kitchen garden. Orchard, pasture and woodland, in all nearly

72 ACRES.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5 Mount Street, W.1. (13,801).

### DEVONSHIRE

on the South Coast.

#### TO LET FURNISHED

#### GREY STONE RESIDENCE

Luxuriously furnished. Roof garden. Lift and deep, air-conditioned A.R.P. apartments.

3 reception rooms, servants' hall, kitchen, pantry and flower rooms.

4 principal bedrooms with 2 large bathrooms. 3 servants' bedrooms and bathroom. 5 additional rooms. Would be let separately for storing furniture.

Electric light.

Garage for 4 cars.

Delightful Grounds. Rockeries and flower beds neatly and unusually arranged.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,195.)

### MERIONETHSHIRE

Amidst the wooded hills of North Wales.



In excellent order, magnificently situated and with views of the mountain of Cader Idris. Galleried hall, 4 reception rooms, compact domestic offices, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. Garages and stabling. Outbuildings. Cottages and 2 Farms are let. Lovely pleasure grounds. Kitchen garden. Picturesque and valuable woodlands in all about

750 ACRES

Fishing in the River Mawddach which bounds the property on one side and also in the River Gwynant from both banks for over a mile and in a small lake. Shooting over the Estate.

#### FOR SALE FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (10,959.)

### WILTSHIRE

Near Malmesbury.

Ivy and creeper clad, stone-built residence, 300ft. above sea level and over 200 yards from a quiet road.

Lodge and drive. 4 reception rooms. Domestic offices. 11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. Garage for 4 cars. Stabling includes loose boxes for 25 horses. Farmery for about 30 cows.

#### GROUPS OF ABOUT 5 ACRES

Lawns, 2 walled gardens.

ALSO 130 ACRES OF PASTURE AND 25 ACRES OF ARABLE LAND.

#### FOR SALE FREEHOLD

1 mile of Fishing in the River Avon. Golf and Hunting. CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

### SOMERSETSHIRE

Yeovil 7 miles.

#### STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

with old mullioned windows, standing in finely timbered grounds.

4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' sitting room and domestic offices.

Electric light. Main water.

#### EXTENSIVE GARAGE AND STABLING.

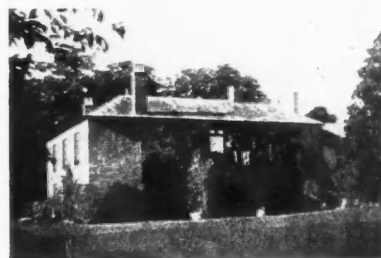
Gardener's cottage and outbuildings.

#### CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS

interspersed with matured specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES.

#### PRICE £3,250 FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)



## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481

### ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE SMALL ESTATES IN OXFORDSHIRE

#### FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION AT A TEMPTING PRICE

Just over 1 hour from London. Amidst charming surroundings. Quiet and secluded.

A MODERN RESIDENCE OF ATTRACTIVE ARCHITECTURAL STYLE, planned on two floors only and approached by a drive. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, drawing room or music room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Main electricity, gas and water.



2 GARAGES. GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

REALLY LOVELY GARDENS AND GROUNDS WITH A CHOICE COLLECTION OF TREES AND SHRUBS. 2 TENNIS COURTS. FRUIT AND VEGETABLE GARDEN.

4 ACRES FREEHOLD

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

### A SMALL PROPERTY OF DISTINCTION

#### IN A FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT.

#### STANMORE, MIDDLESEX.

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED HOUSE WITH OAK FLOORS, CENTRAL HEATING AND ALL MAIN SERVICES CONNECTED.

3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms and 2 tiled bathrooms. Compact and labour-saving to a marked degree.

Garage. Lovely garden tastefully disposed and well matured.

FREEHOLD £3,950

FURNITURE COULD BE BOUGHT IF DESIRED.

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

### A DELIGHTFUL MINIATURE ESTATE

#### IN LOVELY WEST SURREY

Adjoining and overlooking an extensive common.

30 miles from London by good motor road.

CHARMING MODERN RESIDENCE LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED AND IN FIRST-RATE CONDITION.

APPROACHED BY A WELL-KEPT DRIVE.

Entrance hall and cloakroom. 3 charming reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 well-appointed bathrooms.

Central heating. Main electricity and water.

PAIR OF SUPERIOR COTTAGES. GARAGES AND STABLING.

Inexpensive but delightful gardens and grounds forming an ideal setting.

11 ACRES. FREEHOLD £5,500. OPEN TO OFFER

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23, MOUNT STREET,  
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

## WILSON & CO.

Temporary Telephone:  
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### FINEST POSITION IN HOME COUNTIES

*Perfectly secluded in a beautiful setting.*

**LOVELY HOUSE OF UNIQUE CHARACTER**, the subject of enormous expenditure and in perfect condition. 14 bedrooms, luxurious bathrooms, handsome suite of reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating, etc. The house is in the centre of its own estate of about

**100 ACRES**

surrounded by lovely gardens, meadowland and woodlands.

**FOR SALE**

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

### FAVOURITE WESTERN COUNTY

*Amidst some of the finest scenery in England.*

**FINE OLD PERIOD HOUSE** recently the subject of great expenditure and now in first rate condition, and beautifully appointed. About 12 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Electric light. Central heating and every convenience. Stabling. Garage, etc. Surrounded by lovely gardens and parklands bordering a river affording

**EXCLUSIVE SALMON AND TROUT FISHING**

**FOR SALE**

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

### LOVELY PART OF DEVONSHIRE

*High up with beautiful views.*

Valuable and singularly attractive estate of upwards of

**300 ACRES**

Delightful house with well-planned accommodation. 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Electric light. Central heating, etc. Long drive approach. Stabling. Garages. 4 cottages. Beautiful gardens and parklike pasture. Substantial income from agricultural portion.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

### WEST SUSSEX

*Lovely unspoiled country. Secluded but not isolated.*

**PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE**, in beautiful order, high up with magnificent views, surrounded by its estate of nearly

**100 ACRES**

11 bedrooms, bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Garages (flat over). Stabling. 3 cottages. Singularly charming gardens, rich pastureland and woodlands.

**FOR SALE**

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### 20 MILES N.W. OF LONDON

*On outskirts of well-known market town. 1½ miles main line station. Convenient to bus service. 400ft. above sea level.*

### ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

Comprising 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 good reception rooms, square hall, kitchen with 'Cookanheat' stove, and other offices.

Main water. Anthracite stoves. Telephone.

Main gas and electricity available.

Large garage. Excellent stabling with harness room.

**GOOD BRICK-BUILT BUNGALOW**, 2 LARGE BARNS ideal for storage purposes. Very delightful small gardens with tennis lawn, natural sunken garden, rose garden, small orchard and kitchen garden. The remainder is all grassland and extends to about

**15 ACRES**

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Personally inspected and recommended by LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Gros. 3056.

### WITHIN 45 MINUTES' TRAIN JOURNEY TO VICTORIA

*Village and station 1 mile.*

### DELIGHTFUL PERIOD HOUSE

With Queen Anne panelling and other original features. The accommodation consists of 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms and ample offices.

Main electricity and water. Central heating.

Independent boiler for domestic hot water.

Garage. Stabling. Ample outbuildings.

The gardens and grounds include lawns, rose garden, herbaceous border, tennis lawn, prolific kitchen garden and orchard, in all some 5 ACRES.

**FREEHOLD FOR SALE**

**PRICE £3,000**

**OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED**

Personally inspected and recommended by LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Gros. 3056.

### NEAR THE BERKS AND N. HANTS BORDER



### VERY BEAUTIFULLY FITTED

1 mile from electrified train service (daily reach) yet secluded on a private estate. Built about 10 years ago, regardless of cost, on the most labour-saving lines. In perfect condition and sumptuously appointed. Vestibule, cloakroom, lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing (also annexe or separate cottage for chauffeur or gardener), 3 bathrooms. Model offices with servants' sitting room. Oak floors throughout. Oak flush doors. Basins, b. and c. in bedrooms. Thermostatic central heating (requiring no labour). Co.'s electricity, power and water. Main drainage.

Garage for 2 cars. Charming garden setting requiring little upkeep.

**1½ ACRES FREEHOLD**

**£5,800**

**EARLY POSSESSION**

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**FOR SALE**

### IN THE HEART OF THE LAKE DISTRICT ELTERWATER, WESTMORLAND

**A CHARMING WELL-EQUIPPED SMALL RESIDENCE** occupying a delightful position overlooking the lake and known as **ELTERMERE**, containing 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, cloak room, modern domestic offices. Electric light and central heating. Gardener's cottage. Garage for 2 cars. The **GROUND**, which extend to about 2 acres are of a charming character and inexpensive to maintain. For Sale by Private Treaty with immediate possession. For further particulars apply to: **PENRITH FARMERS' & KIDD'S AUCTION CO., LTD.**, LAKE ROAD, KESWICK.

**HAMPSHIRE & SOUTHERN COUNTIES**  
17, Above Bar, Southampton. **WALLER & KING, F.A.I.**  
*Business Established over 100 years.*

### IN THE WEST

*Convenient for Gloucester and South Wales.*



Hunting, golf, shooting and fishing near. R.C. church, 3 miles. Lovely and interesting country. **THIS UNIQUE HISTORICAL OLD ENGLISH HOUSE AND GROUNDS CAN BE SECURED AT THE LOW PRICE OF £6,000.** Details from the Owner's Agents: **W. HUGHES & SON, LTD.**, Unity Street, College Green, Bristol (Tel.: 20,710).

**PERTSHIRE, GLENFARG. SAFE AREA.** To LET, Furnished, excellent modernised COUNTRY MANSION. 5 public, 9 bedrooms, etc. Fine situation. Productive garden. —**BOYD JAMESON & YOUNG, W.S.**, 55, Constitution Street, Edinburgh 6.

**FARM WANTED** with good stretch salmon fishing rights, West of England or Wales. Farm tenant not disturbed. Cottage only required for occupation.—Box "A.720," c/o COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

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COURT RD., W.1**  
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**MAPLE  
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Also at  
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Telephone No.:  
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23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

## HIGH OXFORDSHIRE

OVER 600FT. UP ON THE CHILTERN HILLS WITH A WONDERFUL VIEW.

THIS FINE REPLICA OF A

### TUDOR RESIDENCE

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED AND FITTED THROUGHOUT.

20 bed and dressing rooms,

7 bathrooms,

Billiards and fine suite of reception rooms (most of them panelled),

Excellent offices.

Garage for 4 cars and ample outbuildings.

Electric light. Central Heating.



Company's Water.

Lodge, Chauffeur's flat and Bothy each with bathroom.

Delightful grounds,

2 hard tennis courts, yew hedges, croquet and tennis lawns,

kitchen garden,

woodlands and pasture in all about

**60 ACRES.**

To be sold at a reasonable price.

Full particulars of JOHN D. WOOD & Co.,  
23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (50,509.)

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

## RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

EXTENDING TO

**NEARLY 3,000 ACRES**

### PERFECTLY APPOINTED ADAMS RESIDENCE

11 BEDROOMS, 7 BATHS. ELECTRIC LIGHT; CENTRAL HEATING. GARAGE; STABLES. 2 ENTRANCE LODGES.  
COTTAGES. WALLED GARDEN. 35 ACRES OF WOODED POLICIES. ORNAMENTAL WATER. VALUABLE WOODLANDS.

5 ARABLE AND GRAZING FARMS. GROUSE AND LOW GROUND SHOOTING. TROUT FISHING.

**RENTAL OF OVER £1,500 p.a.**

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37, South Audley Street,  
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Founded 1886.

CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS, VALUERS AND AUCTIONEERS.

TO INVESTORS.

## MIDLANDS

**500 ACRES (about).**

**INCOME OVER £700 PER ANNUM**

*Low outgoings.*

**MODERATE SIZED COUNTRY RESIDENCE, modernised at a heavy cost**

3 FARMS, COTTAGES, ACCOMMODATION LAND, WOODLANDS.

**THE WHOLE LET and producing OVER £700 PER ANNUM**

**THE ESTATE**

*lies compactly together in a good residential, agricultural and sporting district, and offers a*

**REMUNERATIVE INVESTMENT AND FOR FUTURE OCCUPATION**

**TO BE SOLD PRIVATELY PRICE £17,500 FREEHOLD**

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**£6,000 FREEHOLD—HINDHEAD.**—With immediate possession. A bright and sunny house planned all on two floors. Beautifully positioned with fine views. Complete central heating with radiators in all rooms. 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception. Well-planned kitchen quarters. Gardener's cottage. Garage for 3. Inexpensive garden of 4 acres. Strongly recommended as an excellent property in first class order. Owner's agents: Messrs. ALFRED SAVILL AND SONS, 180, High Street, Guildford. Tel.: 1857 (2 lines).

**TO BE LET FURNISHED.**—Attractive Cotswold House. 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 maids' bedrooms, boxroom. All modern conveniences. Garage (2 cars). Stabling. Tennis court. Beautiful garden, orchard, paddock. 8 miles from Cirencester.—Box 728, c/o COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

**92 ACRES.**—FREEHOLD FARM, near Market Harborough, let on yearly tenancy. Price £2,200, sound investment.—Details from HOLLOWAY, PRICE & Co., Land Agents and Surveyors, Market Harborough.

**£3,000.**—South West Midlands reception area. Beautiful, labour-saving Residence, 7 bed (fitted washbasins & c.), 2 baths, 3 reception, maids' sitting room. Central heating, electric light, main drainage. Double garage, stabling. Cottage with bath, 2 paddocks, tennis, 9 acres. Only £3,500 freehold. Early possession.—Agents, GIDDYS, Sunningdale. Tel.: Ascot 73.

**BERKS.**—Safe Area, near small town, 50 mins. London. Old-fashioned character House, 7 bed (fitted washbasins & c.), 2 baths, 3 reception, maids' sitting room. Central heating, electric light, main drainage. Double garage, stabling. Cottage with bath, 2 paddocks, tennis, 9 acres. Only £3,500 freehold. Early possession.—Agents, GIDDYS, Sunningdale. Tel.: Ascot 73.

**SUFFOLK.**—Required to purchase, House, of character, in undulating and well-wooded district. 8-10 bedrooms, 100 acres or more. Immediate possession not required.

Box 730, c/o COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

**NORTH WALES.**—Detached Freehold RESIDENCE for Sale. Three sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms, box room, excellent situation, nice garden; electric light and power, gas; occupation at once. Also a semi-detached house with 5 bedrooms. — T. BRACKSTONE & Co., Estate Agents, Colwyn Bay.

**WANTED.**—To purchase, a property in the South-West Midlands, comprising a house and farming land of about 200 acres, good cattle land. The house to consist of 8-10 bedrooms in all, 3 reception, etc.; stabling and garage. Situated on or near lake or river preferred.

Box 716, c/o COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

### SHOOTING, ETC.

#### THE SHOOTINGS ON DALLAS ESTATE, MORAY-SHIRE.

The Shootings extend to about 15,000 ACRES, of which some 12,000 Acres are Moor and Waste, about 2,000 Arable, and the remainder Wood. The Moor, which may be claimed as one of the best in Scotland, has not been extensively shot during the past two seasons.

Commodious Lodge (or part of it) may be rented for the season. Full particulars in regard to let, with note of bag in recent years may be obtained from DALLAS ESTATES, Estate Office, Dallas Lodge, Forres, Moray.

### SUFFOLK

*On good bus service. 5 miles Ipswich, 13 miles Colchester.*



5 beds, 2 bath, 3 reception, &c. Main electricity. Central heating. "Aga" cooker. Excellent buildings. 87 ACRES (60 acres let to good tenant). FREEHOLD with possession of RESIDENCE and 27 Acres.

**£4,250 for the whole**

Full particulars from C. M. STANFORD & SON, Colchester. Tel. 3165. Ref. (A.0674.)

#### WANTED

**SUFFOLK OR NORTH ESSEX.**—London buyer requires Residence of character. 8 or 9 bedrooms with modern conveniences in secluded position with 200 to 400 acres of good land with ample buildings. Subsidiary farmhouse an advantage. Usual commission required.—Particulars in first instance from C. M. STANFORD & SON, Colchester. (Ref. L.G.K.A.)



# JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1.  
AND AT NORTHAMPTON, CIRENCESTER, LEEDS AND YEOVIL.

TEL.:  
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## ONE OF THE LOVELIEST HOMES IN HERTFORDSHIRE

*London 1 hour by road or rail.*

### XVth CENTURY RESIDENCE

CONTAINING HALL, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, BILLIARD ROOM, 10 PRINCIPAL AND SECONDARY BEDROOMS, 6 SERVANTS' BEDROOMS, 6 BATHROOMS

ALL MAIN SERVICES AND CENTRAL HEATING. PERFECT DECORATIVE CONDITION. LOVELY OAK PANELLING.

4 COTTAGES. GARAGES. STABLING FOR 6

DELIGHTFUL GARDEN AND GROUNDS WITH STREAM.

APPROXIMATELY 18½ ACRES

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

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#### SOMERSET

#### GEORGIAN HOUSE



ONLY £3,500  
VACANT POSSESSION

Sole Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 29, Princes Street, Yeovil. (Tel.: 1066.)

6 miles from Sherborne.

3 reception rooms.  
5 bedrooms.  
2 bathrooms.

Garage for 2 cars.

COTTAGE.

Main services.

Pleasant grounds.

Tennis lawn.

1½ ACRES

#### HAMPSHIRE

#### MINIATURE ESTATE

2¼ miles from New Milton.

3 reception rooms.  
Billiards room.  
6 principal bedrooms.  
4 secondary bedrooms.  
2 bathrooms.

Central heating.

Garage for 3 cars.

Main services.

Lodge, 4 cottages.  
Stabling. Small farm-buildings.

48 ACRES



PRICE £6,000 FREEHOLD  
EARLY POSSESSION.

Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 3316.)

#### HAMPSHIRE

7 miles from Ringwood.

#### ATTRACTIVE COTTAGE RESIDENCE

3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main electric light. Garage for 2 cars. Outbuildings.

Pleasant grounds, kitchen garden and grassland.

4 ACRES

Fishing can be rented.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 3316.)

#### WILTS-GLOS BORDER

Within easy reach of Kemble Junction and of Chippenham and Bath.

#### A WELL-KNOWN RESIDENCE

Lying in well-timbered parklike lands.

4 reception rooms, 7 principal bedrooms, 4 baths. Electricity throughout. Central heating. Independent hot water.

Hunter stabling and good farmery. 2 cottages and lodge.

FIRST CLASS LAND

160 ACRES

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

Owner's Agents: JACKSON STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester; and at London, as above.

#### WILTSHIRE

5 miles from Marlborough.

#### FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE

situated at the edge of a quiet village.

3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating.

Garages. Stabling. 2 Cottages.

Good services.

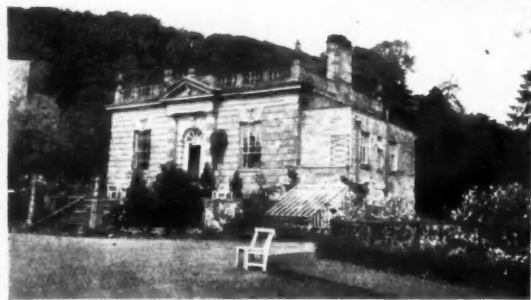
River runs through grounds.

20 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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## FORTHCOMING AUCTION SALES



By Direction of Sir Kenelm Cayley, Bart.

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THE FINE AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT AND SPORTING PROPERTY KNOWN AS

### EBBERSTON HALL ESTATE

between Pickering and Scarborough, including an excellent block of Farms in a Ring Fence extending in all to approximately 2,400 Acres, and producing approximately £1,786 per annum.

And EBBERSTON HALL,

#### A DELIGHTFUL AND HISTORIC RESIDENCE,

Modernised with every latest convenience and designed on two floors to include entrance hall, dining-room, panelled lounge, morning room, 3 bedrooms and dressing room, modern bathrooms: central heating and electric light. Separate secondary residence for servants, including 5 rooms and bathroom.

The whole lying in delightful valley at foot of cascading waterfalls from the hills, providing ornamental fishponds and cataracts.

Will be offered for SALE by AUCTION by Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, in conjunction with Messrs. WARD PRICE & Co., as a whole or in approximately 20 Lots, at the TALBOT HOTEL, MALTON, on Friday, June 27th, at 2.30 p.m.

Further particulars and Conditions of Sale of the Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 15, Bond Street, Leeds, 1 (Tel.: 31269); and at London, Northampton, Yeovil, Cirencester, and Dublin; or WARD PRICE & Co., 48, Westborough, Scarborough (Tel.: 999); or the Solicitors, TASKER, HART & MUNBY, 2, Pavilion Terrace, Scarborough (Tel.: 78.)

By Direction of the Exors. of Mrs. E. T. Titcomb, Deed.

#### WILTS-GLOS BORDERS

#### THE VALUABLE FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE

known as

#### THE CEDARS, PURTON, WILTSHIRE

Comprising lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices, 7 principal bed and dressing rooms, 2 servants' bedrooms, bathroom, &c., together with garages, stabling and buildings.

Attractive garden. Main electric light, water and gas. Telephone. 2 old-world cottages.

IN ALL ABOUT 2¼ ACRES

which Messrs. JACKSON STOPS will Sell by Auction at a Low Reserve (unless previously Sold by Private Treaty) at The Old Council Chambers, Castle Street, Cirencester, on MONDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1941, at 3 o'clock precisely.

Particulars and Conditions of Sale from Solicitors: Messrs. FORRESTER & FORRESTER, Malmesbury and Chippenham. Or of the Auctioneers: Old Council Chambers, Castle Street, Cirencester. (Tel.: 334-5). And at 8, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1. Northampton, Leeds and Yeovil.





## ESTATE

## HARRODS

## OFFICES

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Grams: "Estate  
Harrods, London."

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62/64, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

West Byfleet  
and Haslemere  
Offices.

## AN UNUSUAL PROPERTY. 20 MILES LONDON. FAVOURITE SURREY DISTRICT c.4

*High up. Unspoilt surroundings.*

## MODERN GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Complete offices. 2 cottages. Stabling. Concrete dug-out. Electric light. Company's water, &c.

BEAUTIFUL, YET INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS heavily timbered. Tennis and other lawns. Well-stocked kitchen garden. Orchard and woodland.

about

15 ACRES

EARLY POSSESSION CAN BE GIVEN

£7,750 FREEHOLD

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## HANTS—FEW MILES WINCHESTER c.

*On high ground*

## TO BE LET FURNISHED

particularly well arranged and equipped Residence. Lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 4 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, complete offices. Ample garage accommodation and outbuildings. Co.'s electric light and water. Modern drainage.

Beautiful pleasure grounds. En-tout-cas and squash courts. Kitchen garden, &c.

11 1/2 ACRES

ONLY 10 1/2 GUINEAS A WEEK

INCLUDING GARDENER'S WAGES.

Recommended as an excellent opportunity by the Agents, HARRODS, LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

## NORTH DEVON c.4

*Amidst typical Devon scenery with views extending to Dartmoor.*

## CHARMING GEORGIAN BUILT RESIDENCE

Entrance hall, 3 large reception rooms, 6-7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms (h. and c.). Complete offices. Garage for 3 cars. Electric light. Excellent water. Well-established grounds with lawns, herbaceous borders, kitchen garden, paddock.

in all, with good bungalow, about

3 1/2 ACRES

PRICE £2,500 LOWEST

HARRODS, LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

## IN THE BEAUTIFUL MATLOCK DISTRICT c.4

*Extensive views over a wide area*

## ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE. 3 GARAGES. USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS.

*Electric light. Good water and drainage.*

## DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS,

well-stocked kitchen garden, lawns, paddock, &c., about

4 1/2 ACRES

MODERATE PRICE FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: HARRODS, LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)



## NORTH SOMERSET COAST c.4

*Commanding extensive views over Minehead and Exmoor, considered one of the safe areas.*

TO BE LET FURNISHED FOR ANY REASONABLE PERIOD.

## GEORGIAN HOUSE

2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Electric light. Central heating. Main water. Garage for 2 cars. Inexpensive garden.

RENT ONLY 10 GUINEAS A WEEK

(OR 12 GNS. A WEEK FOR SHORT LET)

HARRODS, LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

HENLEY-ON-THAMES c.2  
2 MILES

*Situate in a quiet riverside district, within 5 minutes of shops, church, railway station and bus service.*

## COMFORTABLE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom. Main water, gas and electricity. 2 garages. Matured gardens and grounds of about

1 1/2 ACRES

FREEHOLD £3,950

HARRODS, LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

OVERLOOKING SUSSEX  
DOWNS c.34

*Choice residential neighbourhood, and enjoying extensive views. About 400ft. above sea level.*

## WELL APPOINTED RESIDENCE

Designed on 2 floors. 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light and modern conveniences. Useful outbuildings.

Well-stocked garden, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, fruit trees.

REASONABLE PRICE FREEHOLD

HARRODS, LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)



£2,000

## SHROPSHIRE c.3

*In a quiet locality, amidst pleasant surroundings, about 12 miles Shrewsbury.*

## ATTRACTIVE SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE

3 RECEPTION ROOMS, 5 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, BATHROOM,

Central heating. Electric light and all conveniences.

2 GARAGES.

Attractive garden extending to about

3/4 OF AN ACRE

HARRODS, LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)

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ERNEST FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.  
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**FOX & SONS**

LAND AGENTS  
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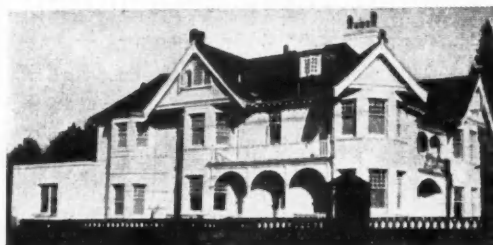
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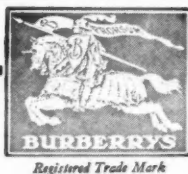
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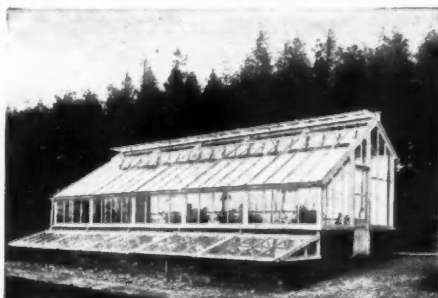
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\* This figure has, unhappily, increased since the conclusion of fighting in Greece.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1941

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2317



*Bassano*

## THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK

The Duchess of Norfolk, the only daughter of Lord Belper, was married to the Duke of Norfolk in 1937; they have two little daughters. The Duchess, who is keenly interested in bloodstock, is her own trainer under war-time conditions and has Selim Hassan, a fancied runner for the Derby, in her stable

# COUNTRY LIFE

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Advertisements : TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2. Telephone : TEMPLE BAR 4363

"Country Life" Crossword No. 594 p. xxxvi.

**POSTAL CHARGES.**—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE : INLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 3d.

## BRINGING UP HODGE

THE business of agricultural schooling has always been a thorny problem to those who have tried to control it. Most of us who are closely bound to the land have always felt, and often declared, that the boy who was allowed, after he reached the age to begin to carry out the many jobs that could teach him his real business in life, to sit in a schoolroom all day long, was not likely to make a greater success of his farming or farm work as a result. The battle on this ground has raged, with varying degrees of intensity, ever since the passing of the Elementary Education Act in 1870. At the beginning of the century a very able and much experienced official of the Board of Education fought a losing fight for a system of part-time education for country children after the age of ten, half of their time to be given up to doing suitable jobs about the farm and half of it to a simple schooling with a severely practical turn. Had he put forward his plan thirty years later he would, needless to say, have been howled down and publicly execrated. As it was, he was completely defeated. The urban mentality of the school boards won the day, and the sentimental campaign against "the employment of children" completed the victory of sloppy thinking. An era of standardised education totally divorced from life was ushered in, and, apart from the three R's, generation after generation of children received a school upbringing which merely blunted their minds.

To-day the hard necessities of war have brought us to half-time schooling, and in many places perhaps to less than that. Nobody therefore will be as profoundly shocked as they might have been a few years ago by Dr. Rattray's letter to *The Times* in which he states that those most acquainted with teaching hold that practical experience should come before academic training. "Samuel Butler," he writes, "discovered long ago that apprenticeship is the best education. Margaret Macmillan found that children in the Highlands who helped their parents were ahead of other children in their book work. . . . When suitable employment is available and desired by the boy or girl, he or she should be free to go to it. If the child is able he will return with avidity to the studies that would have blunted him for life." These, recently heterodox, opinions are widely shared to-day, and there is little doubt that when, at the end of the war, the future of agricultural and rural education has to be moulded, the underlying considerations will not be forgotten. Meanwhile most people are beginning, at any rate, to realise that there is ample room for sound scientific training to be given in rural schools, such training indeed as is given already in some districts where the need for a practical knowledge of the elements of modern science is recognised. We do know that farming is becoming, more and more, a skilled occupation and consequently is more and more in need of trained ability. Canon Sanders recently declared that "what is needed is that in our country schools agricultural education should play more part. Then, little by little, the idea that agricultural labour was an unskilled occupation would disappear; and the parents of the children would begin to look upon it as a really worthy and not as a despised occupation." The Spens Report, it will be remembered, recommended for country secondary schools an increase in "rural colour" to the extent, in some, of a definite agricultural bias. Sir John Russell told the Spens Committee in his evidence of the success attained in a few schools where a garden had been linked up with actual tests and research, and the Report was strongly in favour both of practical work, with

gardens and livestock regarded as outdoor laboratories, and of pupils making "local surveys" of the history and development of their neighbourhood. In addition to advocating the wider teaching of biology the Report pointed out that the increasing mechanisation of agriculture now enables elementary engineering to be added to the craft training that teaches boys to "do a workmanlike job." Certainly the mechanical side of life is no perquisite of the town boy to-day. The young farm worker not only enjoys the benefits of machinery but must either master all its idiosyncrasies and intricacies or leave his tractor in the ditch.

There is no need here to formulate a programme. The whole question of Educational Policy will be considered in the course of the COUNTRY LIFE survey of post-war agricultural problems which, as announced on another page, will begin in our next issue under the title "A Rural Charter." But it is worth while considering how far the problem is a social rather than an educational one. Shortly before the war we published a most illuminating article in which our correspondent treated the subject objectively and practically from the point of view of his own village. Of (the only) six school-leavers of that time he reported that "one boy has gone to the London docks and two others are at work at the local aerodrome. Two more are errand-boys and the last will probably end up in the Army." Things have changed since then, and the last boy's fate has become temporarily a general one, but this does not alter the underlying fact that not one of these boys proposed, when their parents' choice was unfettered, to have anything to do with the land. The reasons the lads gave our correspondent were that farm life is dull, that the farm worker has no chance to get on, and that farming is finished. There is no doubt that such ideas still prevail in spite of the fact that the last contention is now manifestly untrue. They will probably still prevail at the end of the war unless they can be eradicated meanwhile. One method of eradication is through a transformed system of education. In the course of the many Parliamentary debates which have been devoted to the subject one Minister of the Crown described the policy of "rural bias" as "bringing Hodge up to do his job." It is high time this attitude of contempt was replaced by one of admiration and sympathy for those who pursue a vital and highly skilled calling.

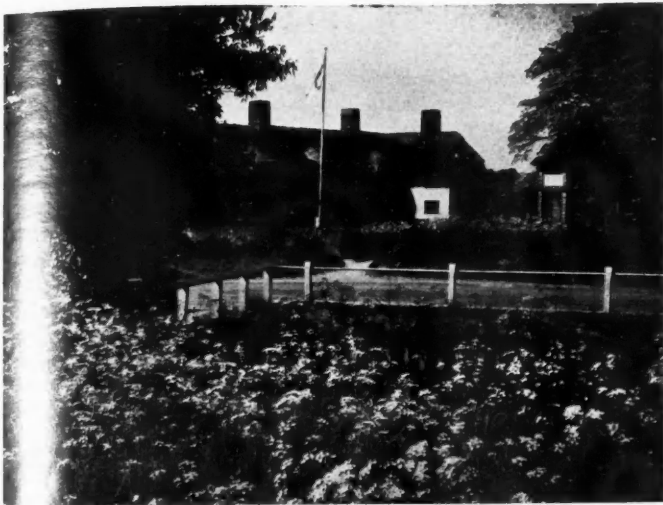
## OLD CLOTHES FOR NEW

WE have all learnt during this war that there is a certain ascetic pleasure in doing without for a good cause. We have in fact done without a good many things and not grumbled more than is decent, and now new clothes must be added to this list. A little while ago we were amused at a solemn article in a German paper explaining how the housewife must "have joy" when she found an old collar, presumably of her husband's, which could be mended and made wearable. Now, though not as solemnly, we must rejoice over it ourselves. There is nothing to be said against the new edict, except that "it's unekal," as Mr. Weller senior used to remark when his grog was not made half-and-half. To some people this lack of new clothes means the loss of a real pleasure and interest. To others it is one of the minor troubles of life that they are constantly being egged on by the domestic authorities to buy respectable garments when they are themselves entirely satisfied with their ancient and threadbare ones. "An old coat is an old friend," they say with Colonel Newcome, and now they will be able to make a positive virtue of their fidelity. To be a little out-at-elbows was once the mark of an amiable eccentricity; now it will be that of patriotism.

## COUPONS AND MALE COSTUME

ALL kinds of problems are posed : how to make the clothes coupons go furthest, in conjunction with unrationed articles; and, most thorny of all, clothes for boys and girls. Infants' sizes are exempt, and for bigger children extra coupons will be issued, but as yet we are advised to rely on the shopkeeper to discover what these sizes are. These rules will in any case complicate the task of fitting out boys and girls for school, especially if they are so inconsiderate as to shoot up out of the "bigger children" size into that of a strapping adult. The new order must affect institutions prescribing a particular dress, though the top hats of Eton and Westminster are apparently exempt. So are all kinds of hats, though the scarves which so many young women have lately affected are not so. Cord-roy trousers require only five coupons to cloth's eight—so the vogue for the former will doubtless grow. Indeed, the total of 26 required for a man's suit (including waistcoat) will possibly encourage a wholesale change in men's dress such as the reformers have been advocating for years—something on the lines of the Army battle-dress or the sleek suit of peace-time. Battle-dress has proved, in spite of early criticisms, to be a highly practical and quite comfortable garb, which, well tailored in attractive materials, would be capable of looking smart and providing as much pocket-space as conventional attire, if not more. The traditional suit, after all, is a not very beautiful thing, derived from the costume of the late eighteenth century, and standardised by the uniform of the Napoleonic wars. So some such change is overdue and quite justified by the altered conditions of existence to-day.





THE SUMMER BEAUTY OF THE WAYSIDE

B potential fodder going to waste. The grass on thousands of miles of road verges must be cut for hay or silage in war time

#### SILAGE FROM THE HEDGES

THOSE who know our country roads and lanes best realise what an area of mowing grass can be found on the verges of one mile of road between the hedge and the tarmac or gravel. When this is multiplied indefinitely and it is realised that very few highway authorities do anything more than "clean" the sloping banks and hedge-bottoms and that most of them make no use whatever of the herbage which is scythed and cut by their employees, it becomes apparent that a great deal of waste of potential cattle feed is going on which, if it can be avoided, should not be tolerated in war-time. It has recently been proposed that the thousands of tons of grass on the verges which could be grazed or cut and made into silage should be turned to advantage. During the coming winter the adequacy of our milk supply will depend largely on the amount of silage made this summer, and the suggestion is a good one. As to the method to be pursued, local authorities have largely turned over the highway workers who kept the verges clean to more directly agricultural work. There seems no reason, however, why the adjoining farmers should not be asked to do the mowing and to make use of the results. Though there are a good deal fewer labourers to-day who are expert with the scythe than there were half a century ago, the older generation has not entirely vanished, and indeed is for the moment coming into its own again. As to the silage side of the business, the Ministry of Agriculture has recently been conducting an educational campaign throughout the country. The touring demonstrators have been well and sympathetically received, and there is little excuse to-day for any farmer who "doesn't understand" the processes and results of ensilage.

#### TEMPO AND RHYTHM

With what strong torsion year by year  
A chestnut tree has striven to raise  
This shrine of bloom wherein we hear  
His bees in unison sing bass!  
The Word of Power is yet unknown  
That turned each twist and timber-knot;  
Their deep mysterious antiphon  
By human ear was never caught.  
Such slow vibrations move beyond  
Our narrow sense, and many a strange  
Earth-rhythm must bear extremes of sound  
Perpetually outside our range.  
Could we grow trees as great and tall  
From chestnuts in a single day,  
They might declare their voice, but all  
Their bees, unheard, would shrill away!

EISELL TUCKER.

#### THE NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS FUND

IT is likely that after the war large numbers of important works of art will have to be sold by their possessors: it is to be hoped that many of them will be acquired for public museums and galleries. No doubt with this in mind the National Art Collections Fund is husbanding its resources. It is encouraging to learn from the Report for 1940 that membership, though much below the peak figure of 12,503 in 1939, is still what it was three years before that, just under 7,400. Of the Fund's income of £15,000, some £2,300 only was spent in 1940, the largest outlay being £880, supplemented by an anonymous donation of £500, for the Chinese lacquer toilet-box from the Eumorfopoulos collection. Probably of the Han period, it is regarded as the most important piece of early Chinese lacquer to have left the East and is especially remarkable for its fine state of preservation and for its gaily red decoration—originally vermilion on a black ground. It was found in a tomb in Kiangsu. Several other acquisitions have been recovered from the earth's keeping by excavation—two hoards, of English mediæval coins found near Thame, and a Bronze Age hoard from Denbighshire. A remarkable object is a gold figure from ancient Colombia, representing the art of the Quimbayas, contemporary of the Incas, acquired for the British Museum.

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

The Old Militia—A Mine of Good Stories—The Phantom Brigade

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

THIS MAJESTY'S birthday message to the Home Guard mentioned among other things that they revived the tradition of the Militia, trained bands, fencibles and volunteers, and this reference to the Militia recalls the fact that the old Constitutional Force was deliberately killed off by the War Office during the futile and wasted 1920's. They did not even grant it the honour of a quick and painless execution, but instead they let it die a lingering death by starvation and deliberate neglect, and added insult to injury by continuing to include the various units in the Army List when all that remained of battalions were one or two die-hard officers, who refused to retire until they had safeguarded the future of the valuable and historical plate of their regiments.

It has always been a complete mystery why the War Office killed off this useful and historical force, which to a certain extent won the Battle of Waterloo—for the great majority of the line regiments in the squares had been hurriedly brought up to strength by trained Militiamen—and which held the line in Flanders from November, 1914, until the spring, when the Regular Army had been practically wiped out. If ever a force has completely justified its existence by playing its part in war it was the old Militia, or Special Reserve, and in peacetime it was a most useful institution as it provided employment instead of the dole for the various callings that have slack periods, such as farm workers, fishermen and colliers; it kept the old county spirit and tradition alive; it formed an admirable training centre which could be expanded at will; and it was above all an extremely cheap force, for, so far as I can remember, it cost approximately a million a year.

\* \* \*

THERE must be a great number of COUNTRY LIFE readers who served their time in the old Militia, and who can look back upon those days as not the unhappiest periods of their lives. Among other things what a number of good stories the Militia provided, most of them based on the discomfiture of old-time inspecting generals, who came into contact with the primitive son of the soil as a Militia private.

During an outpost scheme staged by my regiment on the Dorset downs many years ago, an inspecting general asked a sentry a few details about the country he was watching.

"Where does that road lead to, my man?" he asked.

"That road, zur, do go to Darchester. 'Tes 'bout fower miles."

"And that?"

"That, zur, goes to Martinstown."

"And what's the name of that wood over there?"

"That wood, zur, be Came Wood."

Then after a few more questions of the same type, which were answered promptly and correctly, the general said: "Well, you seem to be a most intelligent man. You have got to know the country you are watching very thoroughly."

"Yes, zur," said the Militiaman, "and I ought to know 'un. You see that cottage down there by the road—that's where Oi've lived man and boy for thirty-five year."

\* \* \*

THE Militia throughout its long and chequered career has suffered from intermittent periods of official neglect, during which it has become moribund, to be resuscitated again in times of national emergency. There was one long spell prior to the Crimean War when nothing remained of the force except its organisation, and there was another period during the 'eighties and 'nineties when, though well up to strength on paper, it received no official encouragement or attention of any description. This was in the days when every Militia battalion in the country had its recognised time for its annual month's training, and in one regiment, which shall be nameless and in which there were three Militia battalions, the various embodiments took place on May 15, June 15 and July 15 respectively.

Then one year an enterprising Commander-in-Chief at Whitehall decided that more attention should be paid to the Militia, and among other things the three battalions of this particular regiment were called out at the same time, brigaded together and sent to Aldershot for the manoeuvres. This particular regiment was selected for the signal honour as the three Militia battalions were all up to strength and particularly smart; and a turn-out of some 3,000 men was expected. Instead only some 300 men answered the call, and the first Militia brigade was a complete fiasco.

\* \* \*

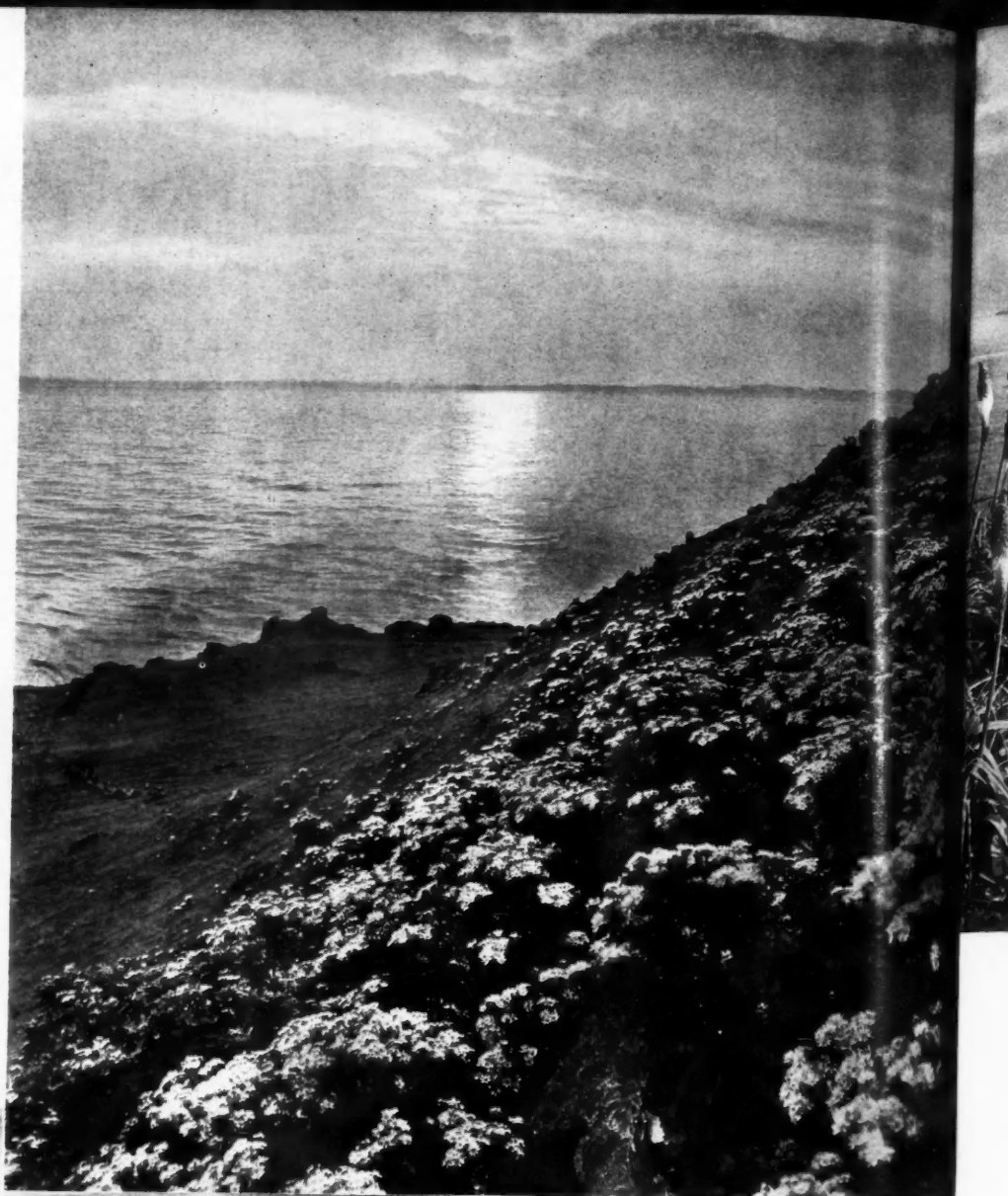
THE explanation was extremely simple, for the 3,000 men existed on paper, or, to be more exact, played a treble rôle. Owing to the regular periods of training over a number of years there had sprung up what was called a professional Militia class—men who belonged to two and three battalions, and who with three months' training every year on full pay, plus the training and non-training bounties, could live quite comfortably on the proceeds without worrying about other employment, beyond a week or so of casual labour when funds were low. When the embodiment of the three battalions was ordered for the same period none of these men dared answer the call for fear of being recognised by the officers and N.C.O.s of their other units, and so they absented themselves—the punishment for becoming an absentee being very much milder than that for illegal enlistment.

The amusing part of the whole business was that practically everybody connected with the Militia in any way was aware that this irregular state of affairs existed, though possibly they did not realise it was being organised on such a thorough scale; and the only authority in complete ignorance of the fact that there might be something wrong was the War Office of those days.

# FLOWERS OF THE WILD

By G. C. TAYLOR

A CHILLY quilt of snowdrops in late winter, a carpet of anemones, primroses or violets in a Sussex woodland in spring, the glorious drifts of gorse on the rolling commons and hillsides in May, vivid patches of stately willow herb in the meadows in high summer, cascades of silvery Traveller's Joy in the Chilterns in the autumn and the purple heather of the northern moors—these, if perhaps some of the most familiar, are not the only arresting pictures which the flowers of the countryside provide for our enjoyment throughout the seasons. The diligent observer will know of many other scenes hardly less picturesque, some afforded by the most ubiquitous of decorative indigenous weeds, others by those aliens which, having escaped from garden cultivation, have found the conditions of the wild so much to their liking that they have settled down to a wild life and become part of our native flora. The accompanying illustrations show several such scenes of natural floral beauty of the Scottish countryside in late spring and summer, most of them affording excellent object lessons for the gardener who would copy nature on a more restricted canvas.



THAT one of our most common weeds can provide a picture of compelling admiration when suitably placed is well shown by this illustration of the ragwort, *Senecio Jacobaea*, on the slopes of one of the islands of the Inner Hebrides. An ally of our garden cinerarias and known in many places as Jacob's Herb, the ragwort has so spread itself over roadsides, neglected meadows and elsewhere that there is practically no part of the country free from it. A pest of cultivated fields, it is nevertheless a handsome enough plant in summer and autumn in wild surroundings, where its carpet of vivid orange-yellow makes a glorious picture.

LIKE the ragwort, the corn or field marigold, *Chrysanthemum segetum*, although a weed of cultivation, provides a wonderful floral display when allowed to spread at will in appropriate surroundings. Such a scene is shown in the illustration on the left, where a poorly cultivated field at Kerrera on the Isle of Skye has become so infested with this plant that the crop of oats is invisible. At one time this annual weed of the cornfields was plentiful in many parts of England and Scotland, even over the cultivated lands of the Lothians. There are signs, however, that it is now becoming more scarce, and it seems probable that new methods of cultivation are assisting still further in ridding the land of this attractive marigold.





THE sea shore is hardly a situation which one associates with the distinguished member of the Red Hot Poker family called *Kniphofia caulescens*, but that this handsome South African finds such conditions to its liking is evident from the way it has settled down in cultivation and begun to naturalise itself along a strip of coast at the mouth of the Firth of Forth. Planted originally beyond high-water mark on a piece of ground reclaimed from the shore for garden making, and consisting of nothing more than pure sand, this kniphofia has settled down to comfortable domesticity, and the colony is already extending considerably along the strip of coastline—an indication of what an alien will do when conditions are suitable. When in its full splendour in the late summer and early autumn, with its 4ft. high spires of scarlet and yellow rising from loose tufts of foliage, reminiscent of the yuccas, it presents a singularly fine sight.

INTRODUCED to gardens in this country well over a century ago, *Lupinus nootkatensis* is a notable alien from North America which has spread and firmly established itself as a native in northern Scotland. Although it is found in only one locality in England, there are colonies in at least ten districts in Scotland. The habitat appears in all instances to be similar except with colonies in Orkney and Shetland. The shingle and gravel beds of river courses appear to be the favourite site, and it was on such ground in the course of the River Dee at Aboyne that the first colony was noted in 1862. The theory then put forward for the appearance of the plant was that the source of seed was the gardens at Balmoral Castle. The River Tay now holds some of the finest colonies, and the illustration below shows how it has taken possession along the bank, which it adorns with great patches of purple when in full flower.







IN places where it is abundant, the wild garlic or ramsons, *Allium ursinum*, provides an attractive picture in woody and shady places throughout the late spring and early summer, when it covers the ground with a quilt of white blossoms, carried in clusters on stems about a foot high. It is a member of the onion family, and is readily distinguished by its thin, flat and rather spreading leaves. It is a widely distributed plant, extending throughout central and southern Europe and all across Russian Asia as well as to southern Scandinavia. In this country it is widely dispersed, and in some places, such as some of the woods in Midlothian, where the accompanying illustration was taken, it is most abundant and has spread considerably during recent years.

•



FREQUENTLY known as the cotton thistle on account of the abundant covering of fine hairs which imparts a silvery tone to the leaves and stems, *Onopordion Acanthium*, is one of the most renowned species among British thistles. Only in southern Britain, however, is the plant truly native, and those specimens which occur in Scotland are strays from garden cultivation. The picturesque group shown in the accompanying illustration appeared recently on a piece of waste land which had been made up during the reconstruction of a new roadway in East Lothian. As the species has been recorded only as a casual occurrence in this district, the appearance of such a flourishing colony presents something of a puzzle. It seems probable, however, that the seed lay dormant for a considerable time in the ground, which was taken from the site of an old cottage garden and used for the making up of the roadway.

•



WHEN and how *Valeriana Pyrenaica* became established as a wild denizen of our woods is rather obscure. This plant, which hails from the Pyrenees was at one time widely cultivated for the drug which was extracted from it and claimed to have special virtues as a sedative. The practice of growing it for this purpose has long since been discontinued, but it is highly probable that it was due to its cultivation as a medicinal herb that the plant owes its present widespread distribution in parts of Scotland. It was George Don, the famous Scots botanist, who first discovered it in Scotland in 1782 growing near Blair Adam in Kinross-shire. Since that date several flourishing colonies of this attractive Valerian, a taller and coarser cousin of the common species, have been observed near Glasgow as well as in the Lothians, but so far distribution has remained confined to the central districts of Scotland. There seems no reason, however, why such a handsome woodlander should not spread still further and enrich the woodland districts in other parts of the country. The illustration shows the picturesque effect it creates in summer in a plantation of firs near Yester in East Lothian.

The photographs illustrating these notes were specially taken for "Country Life" by R. M. Adam.

# A RURAL CHARTER

## A COUNTRY LIFE SURVEY OF POST-WAR AGRICULTURAL PROBLEMS

THE Prime Minister has said that the war aim of the British Empire and its Allies is to win the war and establish once again an order based on peace, freedom and goodwill in place of brutal aggression. None of us will dissent from this pronouncement, or expect that Ministers and their advisers should be distracted from the main task by being compelled to formulate in detail ways and means for regulating an international situation which at this stage it is impossible to foresee. Our own national problems, however, are another matter. The war will inevitably cause fundamental changes in our daily life, and the responsibility rests on each one of us to try to visualise those changes in advance, to study their implications as carefully as we can, and to clear away our prejudices and differences so that when the time comes we may build with united energies and goodwill—and build quickly.

In no direction is this preparatory work more necessary than in agriculture, our greatest industry. On it depends our security in time of war: let no one think we can safely neglect it when peace arrives. A prosperous countryside is not only a political and social asset to the nation at all times: it represents an important consuming market for almost every urban industry, and one on which, to an increasing extent, they will be forced to rely.

There is, moreover, a particular reason why we cannot delay our planning. Reconstruction has already begun, and indeed has gone far. The site for the most part is cleared, and many new buildings are being rushed up under war conditions and with war expenditure. It is vital that they should be so planned as to merge into the post-war national structure, and that hope should inspire the builders that they do not labour in vain.

For reasons that are well known, agriculture in the last half-century has passed through troublous times—fostered in war but deserted in peace. The production of crops and livestock is a long-term operation, dependent in both cases primarily on maintaining the fertility of the land, and this, again, depends on planning with confidence for years ahead. Unless confidence can be re-established in the agricultural community in such strength as to obliterate the bitter memory of its betrayal in 1921, then the new enterprise and the new progress of these war years is in grave danger of being lost.

The Select Committee on National Expenditure have emphasised this last point with welcome force. If the measures taken now, they say, are to be no more than a mere expedient, unrelated to any continuous policy, not only might they fail to satisfy the needs of the moment, but a large part of the benefit from expenditure now incurred might eventually be wasted instead of being carried forward into future years. They urge the need to create confidence as a foundation for enterprise, to “peg the gains” achieved during the war in soil fertility and land improvement, and, as the war proceeds, to plan in progressive detail a Post-war Charter on which the agricultural industry can rely with confidence. The need for this charter is clear for all to see. Only recently *The Times*, in a leading article, was urging the claims of shipping and the export market:

Any further decline in British imports of food (it said) would be little short of disaster; for the prosperity of British industry and British shipping has always depended, and must continue to depend, largely on the fact that Great Britain is the largest market in the world for the exports of predominantly agricultural countries. No excuse, therefore, is needed for considering at once what the terms and details of a rural charter should be. Agriculture is an enterprise with many branches, and frank and full discussion alone can co-ordinate the views of the three partners in it—the landlord, the tenant and the labourer—and the interests, sometimes conflicting, of the various forms of production.

COUNTRY LIFE, which for nearly fifty years has devoted its best endeavours to the consideration of these problems, has decided to make its own contribution to such a frank and full discussion. In forthcoming issues we shall publish the views of a number of leading authorities on the sort of plans they think we should be making, and on the many difficulties involved. How, for example, can we achieve security of price and market for the home produce? Should it be through Marketing Boards, Regulation of Imports, Price Insurance, Subsidies, or Protection? If by any of these measures, or a combination of them, economic returns can be secured, how then can we correlate them with the purchase of food supplies which we shall wish to make from the Dominions and Colonies that have fought by our side, and from the great Democracy that is to-day supplying our vital needs? Can the idea of Empire Commodity Boards—formulated at the Sydney Conference of 1938—be developed and expanded? And if imports are to be so regulated, should limits be set to our own home production, or can world movements be organised to bring surplus food to the vast under-nourished populations who need it? What of these exporting countries? Will they always have fresh virgin lands to tap, or will denudation, exploited soils and greedy cropping bring their dire penalty?

Turning again to our homeland, what can we do to educate public opinion to appreciate the unity and mutual dependence of town and country life, to make the town-dweller range himself with his fellow-worker on the land, the factory-owner with the farmer, the industrialist with the landlord, so that one and all may join in the restitution of our great natural heritage—a prosperous countryside founded on well farmed and fertile land?

Changes there will have to be. Control of land occupation and farming practice is already in operation; some form of control of land-ownership seems inevitably to follow, for a policy of evicting the bad tenant and leaving the bad owner undisturbed could not be maintained. To what extent, however, do such changes require revision of land tenure? This question leads to another. If we find means of displacing bad tenants and bad owners, where are we to find better successors? Is our system of agricultural education turning out the sort of men we want, or are we getting a lot of young men who are neither very good practical farmers nor very good scientists?

These and other questions we hope to explore in our pages. Some readers, perhaps, will find views expressed by our various contributors with which they cannot agree, but all, we believe, will subscribe to the view that there is no more urgent and vital aspect of post-war reconstruction than that of agriculture. Frequent repetition has not destroyed the truth in the statement that “a country not founded upon a prosperous agriculture has no secure and lasting future.”

In planning our series of articles we have begun with general considerations and ended with the detailed working of the land itself. The series will consist of the following:

- (1) **Erosion and Food Supplies**, by G. V. Jacks.
- (2) **The Political Issue**, by Lord Lymington.
- (3) **Land Tenure and the Structure of Prices**, by Cincinnatus.
- (4) **A New Educational Policy**, by L. F. Easterbrook.
- (5) **Research and the Farmer**, by W. S. Mansfield.
- (6) **Good Husbandry in the Twentieth Century**, by Sir George Stapledon.
- (7) **Practical Agricultural Systems**, by J. A. Scott Watson.
- (8) **Summing-up**, by Sir E. John Russell.



# MR. RAMSHAW SHIPWRECKED

By CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT



MR. RAMSHAW ON THE BRIDGE



MR. RAMSHAW VISITS THE SMOKE-ROOM ON BOARD

**M**R. RAMSHAW is home once more. He and I arrived from the United States a few days ago after a somewhat lengthy but by no means unpleasant journey. If he shared the feelings of the rest of us passengers he did not escape a sense of apprehensiveness—a sort of sub-conscious uneasiness; but all went well, perhaps because of some not far distant "ber-rooms," and we safely arrived at our destination—which is what really matters. It was just another little adventure in Ramshaw's strangely chequered career. How lucky he was to escape death at the hands of the shepherd who discovered him partaking of the choicest

portions of a freshly killed sheep: and there was the South African farmer who saw him crash out of the sky on to one of his prize fowls: and the policeman who recaptured him after his two days of freedom among the towers and minarets of New York City. Then he and I were in Arras on that fateful morning of May 10 when the Germans started the invasion of the Low Countries, and he has seen something of the blitz-warfare in this country. But most fantastic, most miraculous of all, is the story of his part in the Atlantic incident in which we were involved last September.

We had set out to cross to the United States on the *Volendam* and were both in com-

fortable quarters. I shared a cabin with a Canadian named Bryant (I wonder if these lines will catch his eye!), while Ramshaw had his private suite—a disused lavatory—to himself.

On the third night out at sea Bryant and I agreed to turn in early and were both between the sheets by 11 o'clock. We did not turn out the light at once, for there was something languorous, soothing, about just lying there thinking of the comforts and advantages of a trans-Atlantic trip—no letters, no telephone calls, no bills! Bryant was delivering a discourse on maritime precautions in war-time. "So you see," he concluded, "you avoid mines by zig-zagging."

"I should have thought that by going straight you might easily miss one that you would have hit if you had zig-zagged," I retorted. While Bryant was endeavouring to explain why that was not so, there was a sudden, overwhelming crash that seemed to lift us out of the water and set the ship quaking and shuddering.

"My goodness, we've hit one!" Bryant shouted as he sprang out of his bunk. I do not remember getting out of mine. Bryant was pulling on his trousers and in a moment had dashed out of the cabin. "You haven't got your boots on," I called after him. Back came his voice, it seemed from a distance, "I'm carrying them." I quickly followed him on to the deck. Children, some with life-belts several times too big for them, some wrapped in blankets, were already gathering at our boat station—there were more than 300 of them on board.

Around me figures moved in the darkness; tense voices; a woman hurried by with a small child wrapped in a blanket in her arms. But there was no panic. There is not space here to attempt to describe what followed; the crowded lifeboat; the fouling of the ropes; our climbing the rope ladder back on to the ship; the crashing of the lifeboat—hanging by long ropes from the davits—against the side of the ship. Suffice to say that the children finally got away in one lifeboat and the grown-ups followed in another.

Now I was the only passenger left. I had decided to stay aboard because, firstly, the ship might not sink, and secondly I should be on hand to look after Ramshaw should the need arise. Two hours later one of the officers told me that I was to get into the last lifeboat as the ship was to be abandoned. "But," I



"HE WON'T HURT YOU!" CAPTAIN KNIGHT INTRODUCES MR. RAMSHAW TO THE CHILDREN



expostulated, "I have an eagle on board and..." "Don't talk about eagles," he cut in. "Get into that boat." Into the boat we climbed, about 15 seamen and myself; all the while I thought of poor Ramshaw being left to his fate. Like the other boats I had watched, this one also developed a terrific swing on its ropes, and I was fully prepared for it to split asunder as it banged against the side of the ship. The sea was much rougher now, and we fell into a trough some 10ft. deep—it seemed like 30—when we were freed from the ropes. A wave caught us broadside on, and I thought we must be lost. Back-wash from the ship very nearly turned us over the other way, but perhaps had the effect of righting us. We were striving to slide our boat clear of the ship's side, but made little progress. Several oars were smashed in our frantic efforts, but at last we were away—one in the Atlantic, gasping for breath and drenched with perspiration and sea-water. Two hours later a green light showed up ahead of us, came closer; a largish ship; we could see figures silhouetted against the sky on her deck. It was a British destroyer.

My experiences of the next few days fill me with admiration for the officers and men that man such ships. What a life! For my part I was dreadfully sea-sick all the time I was on board, and was relieved beyond words when I awoke one morning to find that the ship had ceased its twistings and rollings and was back on the smooth waters of a British river.

Some days later I was told that the *Volendam* had sunk. On the following day she was reported beached—a report that proved to be correct.

Beached! Then there was a chance that Ramshaw still lived.

On the following day I accompanied a group of officials on a tour of inspection of the ill-fated ship. At last we saw her—partly submerged but with stern high and dry above the water. Since Ramshaw's quarters were forward it was hardly possible that he could still be alive. I climbed on to the ship and made my way below. The passage leading to Ramshaw's quarters was awash. I made my way along it to the door; unlocked it; opened it and peered into the semi-darkness. The place looked



CAPTAIN KNIGHT AND MR. RAMSHAW ARRIVE IN LONDON AFTER THE ATLANTIC ADVENTURES HERE DESCRIBED

deserted, smelt musty. Ramshaw's crate was floating forlornly among bits of board and a straw bottle-case. On my seeing no sign of Ramshaw my heart sank but jumped high when, to my unutterable relief, I was greeted with that familiar "quip-quip" of welcome. I looked up to see my old friend perched on the top of a partition where there was just enough room for him to crouch beneath the ceiling. I think

that, for the first time in his life, he was pleased to see me.

So we returned home to await the sailing of the next ship. This time we made the crossing successfully and, as already mentioned, we have returned safely to England again.

Mr. Ramshaw has now crossed the Atlantic 18 times or—to be strictly accurate—18¼ times.

## KISSING FISH

**K**ISSING, as an act of courtship, is not confined to human beings. It is characteristic of several species of tropical fish, the best-known of which are the Kissing Gouramis, a picture of which is reproduced below.

These fish inhabit the shallow waters of the Malay Archipelago, and seldom exceed a foot in length. According to the Bulletin of the New York Zoological Society their courtship

is a ruthless business. When the male approaches the female and she extends her lips all is well. They sometimes kiss happily for 25 minutes! But if she spurns him she may suffer a severe bite.

The ferocity of the gourami does not end there. The male fish guards the bubble-like nest, which drifts among plants on the water's surface, with a jealousy that may prove fatal to the female. When these fish are kept in

aquariums it is advisable to remove the female during this stage.

The fry, of which there may be several hundreds in one nest, hatch in from one to three days. As soon as the young gouramis begin to swim freely they too are in mortal danger from their father. His memory is evidently so bad that he sometimes mistakes his own offspring for a legitimate addition to his menu. F. W. L.





1.—AMONG BEECH GROVES ON THE RIDGE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS. UPPARK FROM THE SOUTH

## UPPARK, SUSSEX—I

THE HOME OF

ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HERBERT MEADE FETHERSTONHAUGH, G.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.

*Shades of Lady Hamilton, the Duke of Wellington and the boy, Mr. H. G. Wells, mingle with the Fetherstonhaughs who followed the first Lord Tankerville, builder of the house, in about 1690, from designs by Talman*

THERE is an enchanted air about this lovely beloved great house, perched on the crest of the downs with all West Sussex at its feet. On this dry, wind-swept turf it might be expected to find ancient British ramparts, but the appearance of a Wren-period mansion among silver-stemmed beech groves is so surprising at first that it might seem a mirage. The brick walls burnt pink by three hundred summers, the stonework washed by as many winters' sou'-westers, the silks and paint impregnated with light streaming in through two score great windows for so long—the house at Uppark is

made up of the elements of mirage: it shimmers in the hot aromatic air, suspended in time; so little has changed within, you could swear that you are imagining it, that it is a reflection, a ghost, of a house that stood somewhere two centuries ago, but is not here and now. It is the kind of house where you feel you might look through the window into the life of another age. If you could, it would be a fine, full, civilised, at times surprising life. . . . A lovely girl in a blue riding habit, her chestnut curls running wild and cheeks fresh from a gallop over the downs, romping with a fair, sensitive young man:

she is Emily Hart, a show-girl some day to be Lady Hamilton, whom Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh discovered and brought to Uppark. . . . A sturdy blue-eyed youth being addressed by a queer old lady in a room much too full of furniture: that, unless I am mistaken, is the future Mr. H. G. Wells, the housekeeper's son at Uppark, who has left it on record that Miss Fetherstonhaugh sent him packing for some below-stairs flirtation. Two scenes could scarcely be more different. Yet the queer old lady whom Mr. Wells can remember was sister-in-law to Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh, the fair young



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2.—BRICK WALLS BURNT PINK BY THREE HUNDRED SUMMERS, RISING FROM THE ROUGH DOWNLAND TURF. FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

"Country Life"





### 3.—OVERLOOKING TWENTY MILES OF DOWNLAND

#### THE SOUTH FRONT

On either side the stable and kitchen wings added circa 1770

man who led Emma Hamilton astray. . . . Which is what is called a link with the past.

There is the gracious presence of Sarah Lethieullier, Lady Fetherstonhaugh, whose princely Queen Anne doll's house is at the head of the stairs; of the Prince Regent with a gay company staying here for races on the downs; of the Duke of Wellington, who said that of all the places suggested to him as the nation's gift after Waterloo, it was Uppark that attracted him the most strongly.

Very much fainter would be the vibrations from Lord Tankerville's days, the political schemer, the hardy adventurer, who had eloped with his sister-in-law, daughter of Lord Berkeley, and who dared to plant his mansion on the ridge of the downs. The Rye House Plot embraced Uppark in its meshes; Monmouth was hatching it when he stayed with Lord Grey of Wark (as he then was) in the old house of Uppark in 1683. Here Monmouth was to hide till messengers acquainted him that Argyll had risen in Scotland. It failed, of course, and, with Monmouth, Grey escaped to Holland and with him returned in 1685 to be defeated at Sedgemoor and fall into James II's hands. His life was spared on his turning King's evidence and paying a large fine. After the trials he again went abroad, to return with William of Orange, being made Earl of Tankerville, Lord Privy Seal, and settling down to build the big house on the downs.

It was in keeping with his daring, speculative career that he chose this site, in defiance of convention and, one would have said, of the laws of hydraulics as then understood. Houses are not built on the top of downs even nowadays without the great expense of boring. Lord Tankerville lived before the days of artesian wells. But he did happen to know how water could be pumped uphill. He owed this crucial knowledge to his grandfather, the cavalier squire of East Harting, where the family of Forde had resided since Henry VIII's reign. Of this remarkable man Anthony Wood observed at the time: "Sir Edward Forde of Up Park was a most ingenious mechanist and . . . in 1656 raised the Thames water into all the highest streets of the city, 93ft. high in pipes, with a rare engine of his own invention." Here an engine was set to raising a piped supply



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#### 4.—THE CENTRE OF THE SOUTH FRONT

"Country Life"

THE FETHERSTONHAUGH ARMS AMONG EARLIER FESTOONS IN THE PEDIMENT





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## 5.—PART OF THE VIEW FROM THE SOUTH WINDOWS—

300ft. from a spring at the foot of the Harting slope a mile away. The old mechanism has been replaced, but the same spring is used to this day.

Ten years later Miss Celia Fiennes rode towards Chichester "through a very fine Parke of the Lord Tankervilles, stately woods & shady tall trees." Since the new house was at that time (1698) not a decade old, these woods must already have been mature and so date back to before the Civil Wars when the "up park" was a chase attached to the manor of Harting. On an

Elizabethan map the deer park is clearly shown and there is evidence that the park was at that time leased to a London merchant and a house of some kind stood on the site of the present one. This would explain the maturity of the trees that stirred Miss Fiennes, as they have moved all subsequent visitors. Repton himself apologised for his presumption in "suggesting any improvement or alteration to a place which possesses so many natural advantages." Indeed, the scene from the south windows is an ever changing kaleidoscope of colour. Here

(Fig. 5) you are looking over the "up park" and across the little-visited Chilgrove valley towards Telegraph Hill and Compton Hill, with the fuzzy flank of Bow Hill beyond above Kingly Vale, and Goodwood in the distance. Farther to the right, the creeks of Hayling Island, Portsmouth and the Solent, with the Isle of Wight beyond, come into the view, Butzer Hill closing it in to the west.

It is appropriate that there is some haziness about the actual origins of the house: it is much too romantic and beautiful to have such things certainly known. Dallaway, who published his *History of West Sussex* in 1815, sets it "in the reign of William III"; (between 1683 and 1688 Tankerville was either in prison or exile). Dallaway is also responsible for the statement that the design is due to William Talman, to whom he likewise attributes Stansted, now re-built but once similar in form and proportions to Uppark, and built a few miles southward in 1686 by Lord Scarborough. Dallaway's information was apparently derived from authoritative records, but it cannot be confirmed. William Talman (1650-1720) was Comptroller of Works at Hampton Court under Sir C. Wren from 1689 to 1702, architect of Thoresby House for the Duke of Kingston, 1671, Chatsworth (1681-1706), and Dyrham (Glos) for William Blathwait, Secretary of State for War, 1698. These are, in varying degrees, stately, flat-roofed, pillared designs carried out in masonry. Talman also designed Swallowfield, Berks for Lord Clarendon (1689), a plain, solidly built brick house of two storeys with a steep tile roof; Old Devonshire House in Lamb's Conduit, a typical brick London house of the time; and Herriard Park, Hants (1704, for Thomas Jervoise), a square brick house with a flat roof. This latter group, in which Uppark and Stansted can be included, bear no resemblance to Talman's more grandiose designs, nor show the strong baroque feeling evident in his surviving drawings. Like Wren, who would give or approve a design such as Fawley Court, Stoke Edith, or Winslow Hall, Talman was probably ready to give straightforward traditional designs that a local builder could be left to carry out.

The type is, of course, the Dutch pattern characteristic of the Restoration period, during which it changed very little: from John Webb's use of it at Ramsbury soon after 1660, to Wren's approved design for Stoke Edith in 1699. Uppark comes between the two and has the same characteristics: brick walls set off with stone facings, a steep hipped roof, prominent chimney stacks, and emphasised cornice. At Stoke Edith the



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6.—"STATELY WOODS AND SHADY TALL TREES" "Country Life"  
A silver-stemmed beech grove in the park



"Country Life"

## CHIL ROVE VALLEY, COMPTON HILL, AND THE GOODWOOD DOWNS

latter feature was of stone; here and at Ramsbury of wood painted white, each bracket and the entablature being richly carved. When, some ten years ago, the roof was completely repaired, only one of the brackets—oak posts 4ft. or 5ft. long—had to be renewed. The pediment is also elaborately carved with festoons of flowers. The white-painted Portland stone shield has the Fetherstonhaugh arms and supporting ostriches. The Tankerville shield is mounted on a cottage at Rake.

In general form Uppark most nearly corresponds to Stoke Edith, though on a smaller scale, in that the plan is not an unbroken rectangle but three sides of a square. At Uppark this fourth aspect, the north, where the east and west sides project as wings, was simply the backyard, with access to the kitchen and offices in the basement. The customary entrance was on the east side where a forecourt was flanked by two detached stable pavilions. These, the position of which is confirmed by both Kip and Wootton (Figs. 9 and 10), were removed at an unrecorded date, probably about 1770, and reconstructed east and west of the house and somewhat to the northward (Fig. 3). But although the east approach was evidently the way for coach access, horsemen might be received by the south portal, as Miss Fiennes implies. Riding across Lord Tankerville's park she noted that

in ye Middle stands his house wch is new built, square, 9 windows in ye ffront & seven in the sides. Brickwork wth freestone coyres & windows; itt in the midst of fine gardens, Gravell & grass walks & bowling green, wth breast walls divideing each from other, & so discovers the whole to view.

Att ye entrance a Large Coart wth Iron gates open wth Leads to a less, ascending some steps, freestone in a round, thence up More Steps to a terrass, so to the house; it looks very neate & all orchards and yards convenient.

As Miss Fiennes tells us nothing about the inside, she may not have got in, and so may have merely surmised that the chief entry was by this south door. Kip's view gives a general idea of the formal lay-out with which Lord Tankerville tied his house to the down, but the terraces still traceable in the turf do not correspond exactly to the picture: there can never have been so deep an enclosure before the south front since the terrace passes only some 20yds. in front of the steps. But the arrangement of the east side is confirmed by existing foundations.

One suspects that Dutch gardening on this exposed site proved unrewarding and was abandoned after Lord Tankerville died

in 1701. He left an only daughter married to Charles Bennet, Lord Ossulston, who succeeded to the estates and the titles of his father-in-law. His descendants still hold Chillingham Castle, Northumberland, but Uppark was sold in 1747. Two large Wootton paintings in the staircase hall are almost the only relics of the Tankervilles inside the house. One shows the lay-out as it had become by about 1730 (Fig. 10): the Dutch gardens have disappeared, a circular pond has been made before the south front, and the terraces are turfed. To-day a green patch in the

down some 60yds. in front of the south steps possibly marks the position of the round pond shown, which may have been a puddled dew-pond. The impression given by the painting is of the hand of Kent or Bridgeman, whose first experiments towards naturalism in garden design occurred at about that time. The downland turf was let grow over the terraces, cropped by the deer up to the very foot of the walls, as it is to this day. The effect of descending the steps from the saloon directly on to the short crisp turf is stimulating to the senses. Some might complain



7.—THE NORTH SIDE, CONVERTED TO THE ENTRANCE IN 1810.  
Humphry Repton's colonnade below Talman's gables



of the house springing rather gauntly out of the down; but when one's lawns roll out for twenty miles in every direction and you overlook, instead of flower-beds, the chequer-work of farms and woodlands, with the downs and the sea as the only limit to view, the scale of things must be big, and, short of a cyclopean foreground of temples and triumphal arches (which heaven forbid), much the most effective transition from landscape to house is this grand simplicity: of simply stepping from the down on to the sun-bleached boards of the white and gilt saloon.

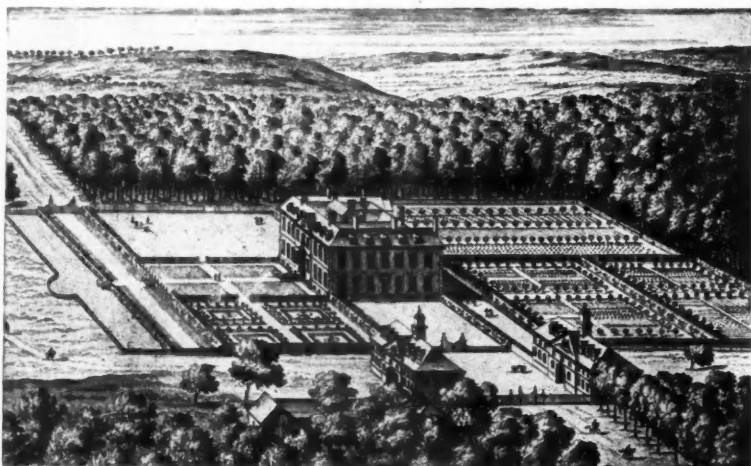
When Matthew and Sarah Fetherstonhaugh, as will be related, found themselves endowed with Uppark by a fairy godmother, they entirely redecorated the house, which has scarcely been touched within since their coming. The re-building of the wings seems to have been their only big undertaking outdoors.

Humphry Repton, who evidently became rather a crony of their son the bachelor Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh in about 1810, had a proposal for running a big terrace forward, to end in a sheer drop, much as he did at Burley-on-the-Hill; also of linking the wings to the house by means of colonnades, as part of his replanning of the approach. The north side, as already remarked, was originally the back of the house; one of the detached wings—the eastern—contained the vast kitchen, linked with the

house by long echoing tunnels that fork to the stables as well. But the main entry was still by the present Garden Hall in the east front. What Repton did was to bring a new approach road from the top of the hill above Harting through a plantation of trees, which he opened up, to this north side. He designed a Doric colonnade partly masking the north wings, and connected it with the staircase hall in the centre of the north front by an arcaded corridor. This addition has hitherto been ascribed to Nash; but from Repton's *Red Book* for Uppark, and a number of delightful letters, it is evident that he is solely responsible. Almost certainly to him are due the picturesque gardens and the enchanting tiled dairy at the end of the west terrace (Fig. 11) sometimes associated with Emma Hart, more credibly with the dairy-



8.—A GOTHIC SEAT OF REPTON'S TIME



9.—KIP'S VIEW OF LORD TANKERVILLE'S FORMAL GARDENS FROM THE EAST



10.—FROM WOOTTON'S PAINTING, CIRCA 1730 SHOWING THE EAST PAVILIONS



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11.—THE DAIRY AND THE WEST, STABLE, WING  
Where Mary Ann, Lady Fetherstonhaugh, made the butter

"Country Life"

maid Mary Ann Bullock whom Sir Harry eventually made Lady Fetherstonhaugh when he was seventy in 1824. His extraordinary habits and longevity must be reserved for another article, when he can be related to Sir Matthew, his father, who found himself

Celia Fiennes described the formal gardens in 1698: "Gravel and grass walks and bowling green, with breast walls, steps to a terrace . . . and all orchards and yards convenient." Evidently these had been swept away by the time of Wootton's painting, only the grass terraces remaining which can still be traced. The circular pool, perhaps a dew pond, has also disappeared, and a green patch marks its position in dry weather.

as unexpectedly wafted into a baronetcy, and possession of Uppark, as Admiral Sir Herbert and Lady Meade were in our day to find themselves endowed by the fairy godmother of Uppark. It is to these farmers' daughters, Mary Ann Lady Fetherstonhaugh, who lived till 1875, and her sister who had been educated to succeed her and died in 1895, that is due the untouched perfection found within Uppark. Living retired from the Victorian world, successively they kept Uppark established as, in Miss Fetherstonhaugh's frequent words, "Sir 'Arry 'ad it," which was, with minor adjustments, the order instituted by Sir Matthew and his lady in 1747. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



# TENT-PEG MAKING IN THE WOODS

By C. F. F. SNOW

**N**OT many war-time industries are carried on deep in the woods, but in the Chiltern country, where every hill is crowned with beeches, tent-peg makers continue a craft for which this part of the country has long been famous. The making of split tent-pegs, for which the beech is ideal wood, is almost confined to the Chiltern country, though a few are made in Gloucestershire.

A split tent-peg has many advantages over a sawn peg; it is stronger, more reliable, and a much better shape. A sawn peg often snaps at the place where the saw cuts across the grain, but not so with a split peg.

Tent-peg workers usually work in pairs, because two men are needed to fell the trees. They are in the woods in all weathers, so they build a temporary hut of galvanised iron and sacking. The first job of the day is the selection and felling of enough timber to keep them busy all day. Their experienced eye tells them which trees will split well, and the selected trees are sawn close to the ground, so that no usable timber is wasted. The butt of the tree is rarely suitable for tent-pegs but is used for brush-backs.

The tree-trunk is sawn into blocks which vary from 13ins. to 4ft. in length, according to the size of the peg to be made. These blocks are carried to the hut and split into suitable pieces by means of a splitting-iron and mallet or, in the language of the peg-makers, a flammer and molly. A cut is then made where the notch of the peg is to come. This is the only part of the work, apart from the felling, in which a saw is used.

With a heap of split wood by his side, the worker seats himself at a primitive shaving-horse to complete his task. The shaving-horse has a vice controlled by the feet, the hands being free. A few swift cuts with a razor-edged draw-shave rapidly transform a rough piece of wood into a smooth, well-shaped tent-peg. Like most other things done by an expert, the operation looks easy, but there are few men who can make a split tent-peg. Some of the men working to-day are veterans of the last war, and most of the younger workers learned the craft as lads during the same period.

A good worker can, including the work of felling and sawing the timber, make from 800 to 900 pegs a day. The finished pegs are stacked to dry in long, orderly piles close to the hut. In warm weather they are ready for use in a week, but in winter they need a month in which to weather.

The great grey-green trunks, representing decades of slow growth, are turned into tent-pegs in a few hours. Their passing helps to fill a vital need. We regret their loss, but thousands of slender beech saplings spread outward to take their place.



THE TREES ARE SAWN CLOSE TO THE GROUND  
The butts, rarely suitable for tent-pegs, are used for brush-backs



TRUNKS ARE CUT INTO LENGTHS OF FROM 13ins. TO 4ft.



THE SHAVING-HORSE WITH A VICE  
CONTROLLED BY THE FEET

A few swift cuts with a razor-edged draw-shave rapidly transform a rough piece of wood into a smooth tent-peg



PEGS STACKED TO DRY. EACH OF THE PILES CONTAINS 100 PEGS  
A good worker can make between 800 and 900 pegs a day

## Moss from a Rolling Stone—IV

## WITHOUT A GUN IN EAST AFRICA

By NEGLEY FARSON

SO as not to be accused of being priggish about this I might state that it was primarily the question of expense which made me decide not to shoot any buck in East Africa. I bought the right to kill one lion and one buffalo from the game warden at Nairobi. But I did have four cameras, all of which, after a few shots such as you see illustrating this article, I left alone. I regret it now, for a man who makes his living by writing has no right to be so selfish.

On the other hand it is the days without camera which remain the clearest in my memory, the days when I was not squinting along the sights of a rifle or feverishly fidgeting with a camera's gadgets. With my own nerves freed from such tension I could watch the game intimately.

There was one day when we were coming almost constantly on great herds of impala, those beautiful, foolish animals. It was fascinating to watch their erratic leaping, to see two of them collide in mid-air. It was not until I had actually seen them in the life that I realised how true is that drawing of them in *Jock of the Bushveld*. They were bounding in all directions. Whether they knew that I had no dangerous intentions I cannot say, but on that particular day I saw dozens of fine heads that I could have hit with an apple.

The picture of two lionesses up a tree was made at a distance of not much over 30ft. But that was only part of a late afternoon when we sat behind a slight rise in the ground and watched that lion family's life. I was afraid the little cub would get us mauled while we were taking the photograph, because it had been up in the crotch of another thorn tree, and we drove our motor lorry between the two trees to get these shots. But neither the mother lion nor her eldest daughter paid any attention to us.

Once, looking up, I stared straight into the big lioness's amber eyes, and I saw those slit pupils widen and then concentrate, and I felt unholy fear. But I had no need to.

Downey, the white hunter I was with, said he had known this family for years. There had been a fine maned male with them. He intended to leave them in peace for the rest of their days. But his partner who worked this comparatively unshot-over country with him had not known this pact. He took down an Indian potentate, who shot the big lion. "I feel rather bad about it," said Downey, "but this young cub shows that she has found another husband."

On the far side of the plain we had shot a topi which we were going to use for bait. But in order to learn some more details of this lion

family's life we towed it out on the plain behind our lorry. This was about 500yds. to 600yds. from where the big, lazy lioness, with her two daughters, was now sitting on the edge of a thorn wood. "The vultures will fetch it," said Downey. And they did.

Those evil, unpleasant birds spotted the red streak of blood on the topi's hide and swung out of the apparently empty sky in narrowing corkscrew curves. But they were very cautious. At first their great wings swept within a few feet of the prostrate buck. Then they planed up to drop with a jerk in an adjacent thorn tree. Then they swept back to drop with another jerk in another thorn.

This attracted more vultures. Finally the first-comers, becoming apprehensive at so many visitors to the feast, dropped to the ground a short space from the top. Then they hopped near it. Then one drove its hideous head at it, seized some flesh, tugged.

At this the cub, who had been watching intently, began slowly to pad out to them from the thorn wood. Then it made a rush at them. The cub, which was not much more than a kitten, might have been murdered if left alone, but the vultures had seen the two lionesses. They hopped back from the dead topi and stood in an angry, silent semicircle, glaring at the cub. The big lioness yawned, lazily stood up and strolled across. Then she lay down, stretching out her fore paws.

The cub trotted back, lay on its back under the lioness's chin, reached up a chubby paw—and banged its mother across the muzzle. The mother shook her head, raised one paw and rolled the cub over and over. This was great fun.

We watched them for over an hour. They had obviously eaten. Even the cub, after a few sniffs, did not attempt to eat the buck. They were sunning themselves in the slanting rays, and as we watched them we saw that every animal on the plain was standing stiff—eyes focused on the lions. The scene gave you an unforgettable page out of Africa.

There was one day when we were practically surrounded by giraffe. We cursed them. Down in Tanganyika I photographed a herd of 48 giraffe all one afternoon. That is, until I put away the camera and took time to look at them. The relief of knowing that I had got the photographs and now need not feel impatient let me drink in every emotion that you get from being close to these lovely shining beasts. Their curiosity was unbelievable. They seemed just as anxious to examine me as I was to watch them. One old male, absolutely hoary on top, put his head around some brush



TWO LIONESSES IN A TREE

"Part of a late afternoon when we watched that lion family's life"

I had hidden behind and almost looked down on me.

But this day along the Mara River we had hoped to come up with a herd of buffalo. They were in a swale. We crawled up so quietly that we were right in the centre of a herd of feeding giraffe before they knew we were there. When they did see us they went off in a thunder of hoofs that literally shook the earth.

"And that," muttered Downey, "ends any hope of a 'buff.' That stampeding herd will scare every blessed thing out of this neck of the woods." So it had.

I was with a man in Uganda who declared that he never let a baboon remain alive if he could help it. Apart from saying that they had practically impoverished a local native village by ravaging its crops, he said: "They are such damned insolent animals!" He hated them.

But I had the amateur's delight of watching them out in the open plain in the early morning. When I deliberately said they had charm the man I was with almost choked. Bird-watching, elephant-watching: they both have their adventures, although, to be candid, I'd much rather watch birds. With the elephants you never know your luck—not if the wind hauls.

A few miles above where the Cape-to-Cairo road crosses the Tanganyika border into Kenya there is a large patch of verdant green swamp. In this, a Masai hunter told me one sunset, there were four elephants. We went up to look. As a precaution the Masai picked up a handful of sandy dust off the road and let it fall from his palm. He did this to show which



ONE DAY WE WERE PRACTICALLY SURROUNDED BY GIRAFFE"





"I SNAPPED THE HIPPO. YOU CAN SEE THE EXPRESSION OF SURPRISE ON HIS FACE"

way the wind was blowing. Then, from downwind, we cautiously approached the swamp.

We heard enormous "whooshes" as the contented elephants twitched up great trunk-loads of green grass and stuffed them in their mouths. But we did not see them. Climbing a tree, I could look down on their backs. But the Masai and I decided we could get nearer to them. There was a wide swathe where they had pushed down the grass in their entrance to the swamp. We decided to chance it. But—it was probably a shift in the wind—the moment the Masai and I started to enter that wedge of opening in the tall grass four trunks appeared over the centre of the swamp.

I never saw their heads—just these blind, questing trunks. And when later, in Paris, an American newspaper correspondent asked me what was the greatest fright I had had in Africa I told him that was it. I still feel a slight shiver as I describe it.

In Tanganyika I was warned against a man named Hubert in the Belgian Congo—Commandant Hubert. "He throws chunks of mud at wild elephants," they told me. "He will get himself killed some day—and you, too!"

Well, I met him; a funny little man with a huge American Montana sombrero, and shorts that looked like inverted tulips. And he did throw chunks of mud at elephants. He said: "The hippos are feeding back on the land in the early morning. If you get between a hippo and the river you may get a good photograph." But the one thing, I remonstrated, that I had been told in Africa was never to get between a hippo and his water.

However, Hubert seemed so courageous that in honour bound I had to follow suit. Not that I liked it. This was at Lake Edward. The hippos were feeding at a distance from the river. There was one big one. Hubert said: "We will now hide ourselves behind this bush, and the hippo will come past us." He did.

I had set my camera at an *f*8, which is practically zero to infinity. I crouched for, it seemed to me, an interminable time behind that patch of brush. Then I thought I would take a peep to see where the hippo was. And there he was—not 10ft. from me. I "snapped" him. You can see the expression of surprise on his face. I wish you could have seen him. Then Hubert did throw a chunk of clay at him.

He was an incredible man. He showed me a photograph he took of a lion that was charging him. "It is a little bit out of focus," said Hubert.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Nothing," said Hubert. "When I had

taken the photo I threw up my arm and shouted 'Stop!'"

"And then?"

"He stopped."

My wife, who was always on these expeditions, claimed that Hubert "had something." Perhaps his complete absence of fear made him safe from animals. But, anyway, when he said "You must see *mes bufles*," my heart sank. If there was one thing I did not want to get familiar with in Africa it was a buffalo—not without a heavy-power rifle in my hands. But Hubert took it as casually as a man catching a tram. We found a herd of about 20 feeding on the plain, and Hubert said that we should get out of the car and walk towards them. I did not like the idea, but I had not the courage to say so.

"Don't walk *straight* at them," whispered Hubert; "you must approach them diagonally."

Well, diagonally (as diagonally as I could) I approached the buffalo. Then one of them stretched out his blue muzzle, pointed in my direction.

"Don't you think it is about time we got back to the car?" I suggested.

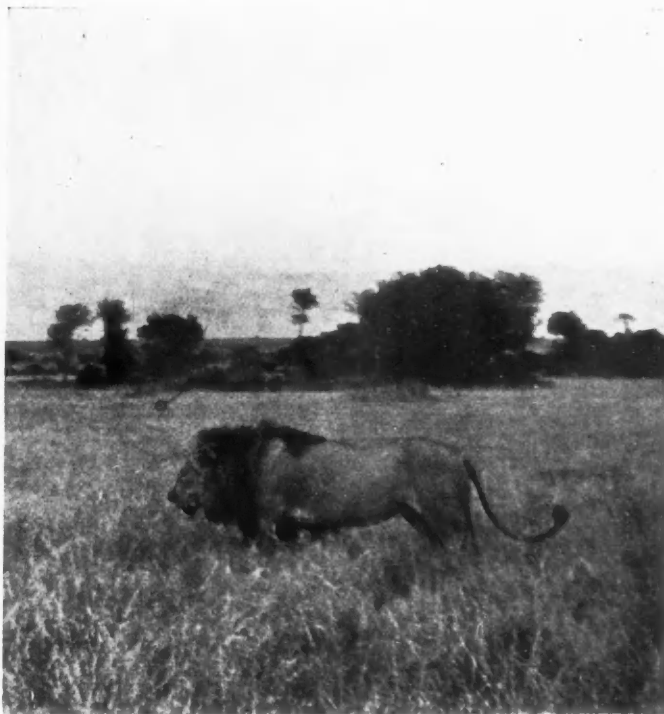
"Non!" said Hubert; "*Voilà! Mes bufles.*"

I could have killed the man.



"THE MAN WHO THROWS MUD AT WILD ELEPHANTS"—

Commandant Hubert, at Rutshuvu River



A LION NEAR LAKE EDWARD. Heavy with a kill of the previous night, he walked unconcernedly past at 30ft. distance

He did the same thing to me with elephants. We went out on Lake Edward with the hippos blowing around us—"Psst—ahhh" (like the lift at South Kensington station)—until I imagined Hubert had exhausted all his possible ways of giving me wind-up. The interesting part of it was that although he was second in command of the Belgian Parcs Nationaux he had some time back ceased taking photographs. He liked to watch the game in the way I have been trying to define in this article. He loved their life.

The man in charge of the Belgian game parks is a Dane, Colonel Hoier. It is an international commission, founded by Carl Akeley, the American naturalist and great gorilla hunter. Hoier, too, was a bit alarmed by Hubert's free and easy ways with elephants and hippos.

For one afternoon I shook off the calamity-promising Hubert and lay on the shore of Lake Edward. I saw the astonishing sight of two buffalo, who, emulating the hippos, were lying in the water all day. I saw the pelicans playing their age-old game of follow-my-leader, just skimming the wave-tips. They seem to plane an interminable time. Then the leader gives a flap, and they all flap.

I was lying in the shade of a bush. A reddish Egyptian goose came down right beside me. He walked up on the shore to eat. Then his mate came down. I watched them, within 15ft. of me, cautiously rubbing out my cigarette on the sand so that the smoke wouldn't catch their eyes. Diving birds were making white explosions as they dropped into the water before me. The hippos were blowing. And the little terns (the most widely travelled birds in the world) were crying like rusty pulleys. It was a perfect day. A wealth of things to see and think about.

That night Colonel Hoier, Hubert, and my wife and I had a farewell dinner. Hoier left to go down to the Belgian frontier post at Rutshuru. About an hour later a boy rushed in and said something, very excitedly, to Commandant Hubert. Hubert jumped up, and we saw his car lights going off. About 30 minutes later he was back.

"What was it?" I asked.

"A 'ippo," said Hubert. That was the way he always pronounced hippo. "A 'ippo. 'E block Hoier's car."

"Yes?"

"'E was directly across the road leading to the bridge."

"And I suppose you threw stones at him?"

"Oui," said Hubert. "I 'it 'im on the 'ead. 'E don't like it. 'E leave."

I wonder now if Hubert, who shoots with neither gun nor camera, has not found some weak spots in the animal kingdom.

# TERRA FIRMA

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I ASSUME that I cannot help the enemy by saying what the weather has been, especially as my remarks will not be printed for some little while after they are written. So here goes and a fig for the Censor! I have had a letter from an old friend with whom I have constantly stayed near a much-loved course. He is a man of an extremely accurate mind with a turn for statistics, and I am sure he is precisely right in saying that not one drop of rain has fallen on the links for three weeks and six days. I think that some may have fallen since, but that is by the way, and my text is this dry, burnt course which he pictures. When I read his letter I wished more than ever that I was there, and that not merely, I am afraid, for the pleasure of seeing him and drinking his port wine, which is very bad for me. I thought how comparatively far my poor little drives would seem and how I should get up comfortably in two at certain holes which I have long come to regard as three-shotters. One's point of view about hard-baked courses varies according to one's powers and also according as one is going to play or only to watch. I like them for myself for the simple reason that I have assigned, but when there comes round the time of the championship, then I wish passionately that it could be played at some other time of year. It is a sin and a shame to see good-length holes butchered to make a holiday for those whose notions of golf are largely confined to reading about 68s and 69s in their morning newspapers.

There is this to be said, too, that nowadays the golfer gains on the swings and does not lose on the roundabouts. Before water was laid on at every green, golf was in these conditions a very "kittle" game. No matter how far he drove, the player had to approach on to a glazed surface and had to have the grip of his putter most subtly true when he got there. Putting could be fiendish to the point of flukiness, but at least it did something to restore the balance of power between man and course. Now man is twice blessed; having first driven miles and miles, he can pitch boldly on to a heavily watered green. This state of things has made for monotony and done away with some very pretty strokes. Take the sixth or heathery hole at St. Andrews. It is not in the least exciting to see it played with a drive and a high pitch, but once upon a time the player, if he meant to stay on the green, had to pitch his second on the bank of the little low mound short of the green. That was essentially a stroke and so was the approach to the third hole, in which the ball must pitch on the plateau well short of the green and then run it out. To-day he is what Mrs. Joe Gargery called "pompeyed." He is allowed to make the best of both worlds, which may be very good fun for him but is very poor golf.

I have been looking at the list of championships and trying to recall which were played on hard, sun-burnt ground. The one of which I have perhaps the most vivid recollections is that of 1913, at Prestwick, when Mr. Hilton beat Mr. Lassen by 4 and 3. The west coast of Scotland is, I know, supposed to be moist, but it so chances that I have more than once been to Prestwick in blazing weather when the ground was hard as a brick. It certainly was in that year, and the play was both difficult and interesting. To be sure, it was easy to get far enough, and I may give a personal illustration. I was driving so erratically that my only hope was to play my tee shots with a short spoon labelled, as I remember, "Pug," with a tiny head and a lofted face. With this unpromising weapon, which would have been hopeless on a normal course, I managed to beat several good players and penetrated I think to the fifth round. I probably could not go far enough to get off the course, and other people found it difficult to keep on it. The ball was always running into the rough at its last gasp, and this rough was far from pleasant. It was, as has been pointed out before, a part of Mr. Hilton's cleverness that he gave up his hook and played his drives the other way, sacrificing that bit of extra length which was just getting his competitors into trouble. The ground was, as I remember it, positively brittle with dry-

ness, and here is another little adventure of my own. At the short second hole in one round, I pitched into the bunker in front of the green and the ball wholly vanished in the dry, friable sand. Pitching, of course, was the devil and all, and there was one hole in particular where it was as near as might be impossible. This was the old sixth hole, the one after the Himalayas, generally and irreverently called "the Tennis Court." The green, shaped much as its name implied, was guarded in front by broken, benty country, and there was a Gadarene descent beyond it; there was the bare possibility of running down one very narrow way, but as a rule a pitch was the only shot. Mr. Hilton could pitch on that green with the breeze at his back and make the ball bite; everybody else, as it seems in memory at least, went bounding over. If ever a man won a championship by the use of his head, together with what I may call "power of cue," he was the one.

The second Amateur Championship after the war, at Hoylake in 1921, was likewise played on very fast, burnt ground with greens like greased lightning. Personally I enjoyed it because I chanced to be putting well and I could get farther with my tee shots than I had any legitimate pretensions to do; but whether it was altogether a sound test of golf I doubt. Some very curious things certainly happened, but that is a way they have in championships, whatever the ground. The fact that the second shot to the home hole could be played with a niblick gives to those who know the course a clue to the state of things. When I go back to

a championship at Hoylake now and see the tee shots so long that at some of them I should have to make a "circumbendibus" of many yards in order to get past the first bunker, 1921 seems a happy, unsubstantial dream.

As regards the Open Championship, at which I have only looked on, I am rather hazy, but I know that St. Andrews in 1933 was very hard and dry indeed, because it was in that year that the American Craig Wood made the drive, the memory of which takes my breath most completely away. At the long hole out, with a wind behind him, he drove into one of the two bunkers in the face of the hill, before the vast plateau that is the green. The hole is 530yds. long and the bunker is said to be 97yds. short of it; so that drive must have been 430yds. long. To the average person in average conditions these two bunkers present a very decided problem for the second shot; he generally plays short of them in two, and here was a man driving into them in one. Craig Wood tied with Shute for that championship and lost the play-off. Therefore, on the "if" principle, which is a most fallacious one, we could say that if he had not driven into that bunker he would have taken four instead of five to the long hole and would have won the championship. I wish I had not been somewhere else on the course and so had seen that drive with my own eyes. As it is I always find it incredible although I know perfectly well that it happened. As Ben Sayers said when Freddie Tait beat him by six and five on his own North Berwick, "It's no possible but it's a fact."

## THE "NEW" DERBY AND OAKS

TWO OPEN RACES

COMPARISONS are proverbially odious, but there are times when, as at present, the tide of life in the bloodstock world is not quite at its highest level, and then they form a solace which if not actually conducive to optimism, at any rate may prove that things might have been worse. A glance back at a similar period during the last war well illustrates this. In the second Derby and Oaks of that war which were run in 1916, there were 36 entries in and 10 runners for the former event; 25 fillies were named and seven started for the latter, and the value of the stakes which, incidentally, were accredited to the late Sir Edward Hulton through the medium of Fifinella, were respectively £2,900 and £1,100.

Contrast all this with the conditions appertaining to the races which are due to take place next week. For the "New" Derby there were 65 entries of whom at least 20 are likely to face the starter with, anyhow, a prize to the winner of £4,573, while for the "New" Oaks, with its initial entry of 54, 20 fillies have cried content at the acceptance stage and about 16 are likely to compete for the £1,989 stake money. To stress a remark made earlier, quiet as they are, things might have been worse.

To add a little more detail: notable absentees from the list of owners are Lord Derby and the Aga Khan, but their temporary omission is made up for by such newcomers as Sir Richard Brooke, whose Abberley Stud near Worcester, where King Salmon stands, is gradually earning a reputation second to none in the country; Sir William Jury, whose candidate Firoze Din cost 1,200gs. as a yearling; Mr. F. T. Williams, whose Fairy Prince is an own-brother to Walvis Bay and came from Major Courtauld's Burton Park Stud; Mr. W. U. Goodbody, who is responsible for Selim Hassan a 4,000gs. yearling who is under the care of the Duchess of Norfolk; and Mr. J. A. Hirst, whose Sezincote Stud at Moreton-in-the-Marsh is one of the "show" bloodstock nurseries in the country and was the birthplace of the Ascot Gold Cup winner Tiberius. Incidentally, Tiberius is the sire of Valdavian, a colt who has been whispered as a likely outsider for some time now.

These novices to Derby competition, welcome as they are, will be in the fray against

such hardened warriors as Mr. H. E. Morriss, who won the Derby with Manna in 1925; Miss Dorothy Paget, who runs only Bakhtawar, a three-parts brother to Bahram, of her seven entries; Lord Glanely, who in his time has led in the winner of every classic; the late Lord Woolavington's daughter Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan, who can choose from Owen Tudor, Fettes and Thoroughfare; the Duke of Westminster, who will revive memories of the heydays of the "Yellow, black cap" with Lambert Simnel and Sunny Island; Mr. Richard Dawson, who, with Mr. George Blackwell, holds the record of having trained both a Grand National and a Derby winner; Lord Rosebery, whose success with Blue Peter is fresh in mind; and Lord Astor, who has bred and owned five runners-up for the famous race but never yet the winner.

It now remains to sum up or consider the chances of the likely competitors for one of the most open Derbys to be run for in recent years. At the moment of writing Lambert Simnel, as the victor in the Two Thousand Guineas; Orthodox, as the winner of the Free Handicap and subsequently of the Newmarket Stakes; and Morogoro, who won the Craven Stakes and was thought by many to be unlucky in the "Guineas," are the most in popular favour. But the mere fact that they hold this position does not by any means, or with any certainty, premise either a win or a placing for any of the three in the world's greatest race, the more so as Lambert Simnel (who is by Fair Trial), like his stable companion Sunny Island (a son of Colombo), is by a sire who, though good at 10 furlongs, was never capable of getting much farther and came of a line of sires with like limitations of stamina.

Orthodox was not so impressive in the Newmarket Stakes as he was earlier, and the running of Morogoro, both last season and this, suggests that the Beckhampton stable sheltered a better-fancied Derby horse. Maybe this will be Felstead's son Fettes, who was suggested as the likely pick of Fred. Darling's formidable contingent so far back as last November. Then a big, awkward, angular colt reminding one in many ways of his sire at a like age, he showed promise; was in consequence not hurried but was allowed to take his own time to develop and mature, with the result that when he ran



more or less unfancied, in the Newmarket Stakes, he presented a very different picture and was, on looks, one of the best in the field. There is just a doubt as to whether he, like Lord Glanely's colt Devonian, will be yet at his best, as the lack of sunshine and the prevalence of cold winds has been all against these backward colts, but Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan may select him as her candidate, in preference to Thoroughfare or the doubtful couraged Owen Tudor. Even so he will have to gallop every inch of the mile and a half to beat Lord Portal's Sun

Castle who, since a narrow defeat by Morogoro in the Craven Stakes, has come on by leaps and bounds and was by no means disgraced when beaten by Lambert Simnel and Morogoro in the "Guineas." Rather did his performance recall the old adage "Third or fourth in the 'Guineas,' first in the Derby." In every way a nice colt with, as a son of Hyperion from a Buchan mare, no query as to stamina, he may accredit his owner with his first classic and his trainer Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and his jockey Pat Beasley, with their first Derby.

On her victory in the One Thousand Guineas Lord Glanely's Dancing Time will, if she runs in preference to Fiery Light and Sunny Dear, be an automatic favourite, but, as with others in the colt's race, her stamina, like that of Fiery Light, must, as a daughter of Colombo, be open to doubt. Firdaussi's daughter Turkana and Sir Richard Brooke's filly Hillhampton, who is by Hyperion from Sparkling Gem, a Buchan mare, read more attractively and may be the two most concerned in the finish.

ROYSTON

## A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

COWSLIP BALLS—CAT AND KIPPERS—JOE THE TERRIER—EVACUEE RETURNED—BIRDS AND GUNS—AMERICAN KINDNESS

By E. M. DELAFIELD

TRAVELLING from the extreme west to the north of England has always provided some interesting matter for observation: in war-time, although all journeys have their disadvantages, they are more interesting than ever.

"There are more people and they are more ready to talk to one," as a friend of mine said, and we agreed that travellers must be divided into those who like being talked to on a railway journey, and those who dislike it very much indeed.

Personally I like it, and on my journey to Yorkshire I had some interesting fellow-travellers, from King's Cross onwards.

In the carriage with me was a cheerful young woman—she looked young, although she must have weighed at least 13st.—with two little boys and a girl, and opposite to her was another young woman; obviously a younger sister—very pretty.

Two soldiers and I myself filled up the carriage.

We established a common bond of interest from the start when one of the little boys asked to sit next the window and his mother briskly replied: "No. If anyone sits by the window it'll be John, because he'll likely be sick."

We all watched John solicitously after that, and certainly the poor child—he was sitting opposite me—became gradually very green and silent.

His brother, who was next to me, was told to sit somewhere else because otherwise he might kick a hole in my stocking.

"He goes through life in a dream," said his parent, in a pleasantly apologetic tone.

I was grateful for her consideration—stockings are expensive, and not so very easy to come by nowadays—but there seems something rather singular about a dreaminess that takes the form of kicking other people's shins.

We saw cowslips from the train window, and I exclaimed in delight, for cowslips are comparatively rare in Devon, where they do not like the soil. Then everybody spoke about cowslips and cowslip-balls and said how lovely they were. It turned out that all of us—except the three children—could remember seeing them made in childhood, but that none of us had any idea how it had been done, except that the use of string was involved.

It would be a great pity, surely, if the making of cowslip-balls is among the lost arts!

As usual, I was fascinated by watching the progressive degree of blackness on the sheep in the fields. By the time we had left Peterborough, they scarcely looked like the same breed of animals as the woolly white ones that I had left in the west.

The cows, on the other hand, were mostly either white in patches or white all over, unlike the red Devon cattle.

We talked about all the usual things: Hess (whom we didn't trust a yard because, after all, "look at what he done in Germany"!—and the necessity of queueing up for cigarettes in certain towns, and the new stamp "Delayed by enemy action" to be placed on much-retarded letters. The children all hoped excitedly that this misfortune would befall their mother's correspondence.

NEEDLESS to say, we talked about food and what we could or could not get—and soon afterwards one of the soldiers took the

pretty sister to find some tea. I told them the story of how I obtained some kippers last week and brought them home triumphantly, and of how they were left unguarded for a few moments, and the next time I saw anything of them the cat Napoleon was rapidly dissecting the last one in full view of the windows.

Napoleon was ill afterwards, and my fellow-traveller—the children's mother—suggested that perhaps it was all for the best and it might have been we who had been ill, instead, had we been allowed our kippers.

At Wakefield I had to leave them. John—I think enthralled by the conversation—had held out gallantly, and I hope did so to the last, but they had been travelling since nine that morning and were not due to reach the end of their journey till seven. Incidentally, the trains—like many others, whatever impatient people may say—were running very punctually. That they should be running at all, under the conditions of the present war, seems to me marvellous, as also the efficiency and courtesy of the railway personnel, which is unfailing.

FROM the platform at Wakefield, I saw rain falling and could only hope that the same welcome visitation had descended upon the rest of the country. Quite a number of people exclaimed with satisfaction when they saw it, but alas! it had left off by the time I reached the end of my journey, an hour later.

My visit to the north, which was a business one, was urban after that, the most rural sight I saw being a lovely pale pink rhododendron, standing like a huge rose-coloured bouquet amid rather sooty surroundings.

And Joe.

JOE was an elderly, rough-haired terrier who had been, his owner informed me, more or less under sentence of death for six years.

He had a prejudice against policemen, and Joe's expression of this prejudice did not always stop short at growling and barking. He sometimes nipped, as well.

He had no objection to postmen, soldiers, sailors, or any other wearers of uniform—only policemen. His owner (whose side Joe had never left since early puppyhood) said that he must once—unknown to anybody—have been kicked by a policeman. I had to agree, and it was the easier because Joe was so very gentle and friendly, in the absence of any police, and I liked him so much.

The wife of Joe's owner, perhaps encouraged by my evident partiality, then assured me that Joe could always detect a policeman in plain clothes—with similarly unfortunate results.

I decided that it would be wiser not to tell Joe that he was at that very moment sitting with his head affectionately propped against a magistrate's knee.

STORIES about evacuees would appear to be unlimited. The last one I heard came to me at first hand from the billeting officer.

A small boy of ten years old, who violently resented his transplantation into one of the home counties, climbed out of a window just after dark one night and, walking all the way, reappeared at his suburban home.

His mother reported the unexpected arrival to a social worker and asked what she should do, and the social worker boldly advised her to take him straight back again. Extraordinary

to relate, the sensible woman actually did so—with the sole proviso that Billy's escapade should be concealed from his father. "Because," she said, "Dad would only wallop him, and not make him go back."

One is glad to add that Billy philosophically accepted his fate—perhaps in the unexpected relief of escaping the "walloping"—and has since been reported as having settled down quite happily.

\* \* \*

NOT long ago I sent a friend, who had been staying with me, back to London carrying daffodils and primroses and flowering Indian currant branches (Ribes) to adorn her flat. In the charming letter of thanks that I received, she informed me that "the rhybees" looked particularly well.

Perhaps it liked being spelt like that.

The problem of being able, or not able, to spell always seems to me interesting. One of the most intellectual women I know is also one of the worst spellers—and quite the most ingenious one. She has, to my knowledge, rendered pork as *palk*, pumice-stone as *pummy-stone*, and once wrote to me of her intention of meeting a boat at "Harridge."

I have heard a theory advanced that some children suffer from "word-blindness," i.e., an inability to retain any visual impression of the written word, and that they therefore grow up unable to spell correctly. It may be true—but I feel bound to add that my informant was herself a very poor speller.

\* \* \*

A PATHETIC little story has reached me from a house situated only too near to an aerodrome. Alerts are, of course, frequent there, and the other day there was an air-battle almost over the house and garden. The noise was appalling—but neither bomb nor shrapnel fell.

Only, in the big aviary that stood in the garden, a number of little birds—foreign finches, I believe—were afterwards found dead—it was thought from terror.

\* \* \*

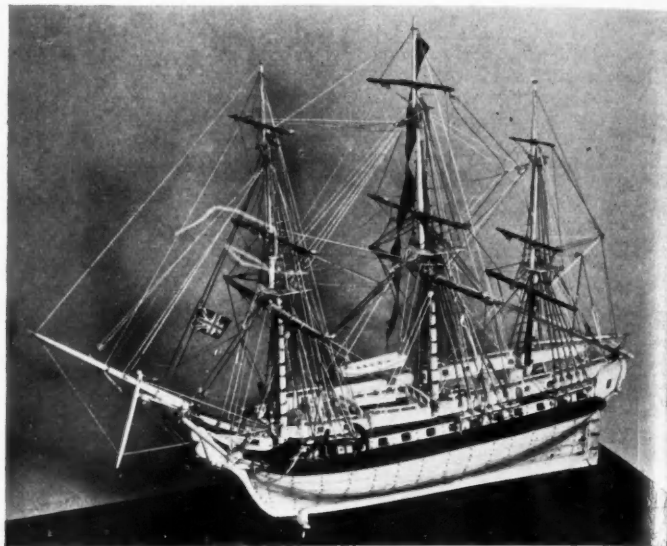
INDIVIDUAL offers of kindness and help continue to come from America. This week I have had two letters from people who have begged—as though it were a favour—that I would write and tell them what they could send in a food-parcel that would be most acceptable. My nearest neighbours have received, from friends in Boston, five pounds of tinned butter—of which they generously gave me one.

Still more touching was the letter I had from a lady in Texas, quite unknown to me personally, offering hospitality for six months after the war to a family of four—father, mother and two children—who might like a complete change and rest. There were no stipulations, no conditions. She just wanted to entertain an English family in her very charming house, of which she enclosed a photograph.

A great many people in England to-day have either met with personally, or heard of similar warm-hearted and generous impulses from the other side of the Atlantic, from friends known and unknown.

These are among the things that can never be forgotten, and that will surely influence the whole trend of action in that new and better world that must be made to rise from the ruins of the old one.

## CORRESPONDENCE



TWO OF THE SO-CALLED IVORY SHIP MODELS MADE BY FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR

### FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR SHIP MODELS

SIR,—Reference was made in a recent issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* to the so-called ivory ship models made by French prisoners of war during the Napoleonic period. These models are of very varying merit; a few are correct in scale and proportion, but the majority are much in the same class in these respects as the ordinary "sailor" model turned out as long as the square-rigger endured, and their faults, generally speaking, are alike. In both, for example, there is a frequent tendency to exaggerate the height of the masts, and the foremast will be

blind to everything but the fleeing quarry, and cases of sparrow-hawks dashing into buildings are not infrequent.—ED.]

### OAK APPLE DAY PARADE

SIR,—The invalid Chelsea Pensioners, evacuated to an old house in the West Country since the beginning of war, celebrated May 29, their founder's day, with their traditional ceremonies, ending with cheers for King Charles II.

The Pensioners of the Royal Hospital were inspected by Lieutenant-General Sir S. G. Clive, and those who were able to march subsequently marched past the General at the saluting base. The others, those in hospital blue, were on parade also, but sat round the parade ground in their

purchase the building to ensure its preservation as a historical monument, one strong representation being that it might be made into a museum of local "by-gones," probably on the lines of the Old House at Hereford, or Anne of Cleves's House at Lewes.

The purchase price has, however, always proved an obstacle, as a further £3,000 would be necessary for renovations. Among those who have tried to bring the interested parties together are the Wakefield Historical Society, the Yorkshire Archaeological Society and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. It is only a short time ago that a report appeared in the Press that, failing agreement, there was a possibility that the top storey and beautiful oak frontage might be removed.

It was built as a hunting-lodge in 1556 when a forest extended from Leeds to Halifax and Castleford, and its gables embody several remarkable carvings. Two interesting interior features are a fine Jacobean staircase and an ancient confession box.—HAROLD G. GRAINGER, Leeds.



INFIRM CHELSEA PENSIONERS CELEBRATING THEIR FOUNDER'S DAY AT THEIR NEW HOME IN THE COUNTRY

found too much in the eyes of the ship. Both faults and merits may be accounted for by the fact that these ships—made of bone, not ivory, and sometimes rigged with human hair—were most frequently the work of jet workers conscripted into the French fleet, who had little or no knowledge of ship construction, but plenty of carving in miniature.—C. FOX SMITH, Droxford.

### SPARROW-HAWK AND STARLING

SIR,—Recently as I sat in a veranda of a hotel, a sparrow-hawk flew past not far from me into a small spinney. From there a moment or so after came a starling calling loudly; this bird dashed through some open iron supports of the veranda and under its roofing, passing very near to where I sat and followed closely by the hawk: I could have hit either bird but for the pace at which they flew. Passing out at the end of the veranda and again between its supports, both disappeared, but in a very short time the hawk returned carrying the starling in its claws, and flew back to the spinney where I followed it, expecting to find it standing on a fallen tree trunk there and probably plucking and killing its prey. It, however, passed through, as there was no sign of either bird to be seen. What seems to me to be of interest in this incident is that the hawk should have come under what was almost part of the house.—H. RAIT KERR, Farnborough.

[A sparrow-hawk when in chase of a bird seems

invalid chairs. Besides the Pensioners, all the staff paraded, also the local troop of Boy Scouts and some officers of an Indian Army regiment quartered in the neighbourhood. The band of the Oxford and Bucks regiment provided the music.—CHEYNE WALK.

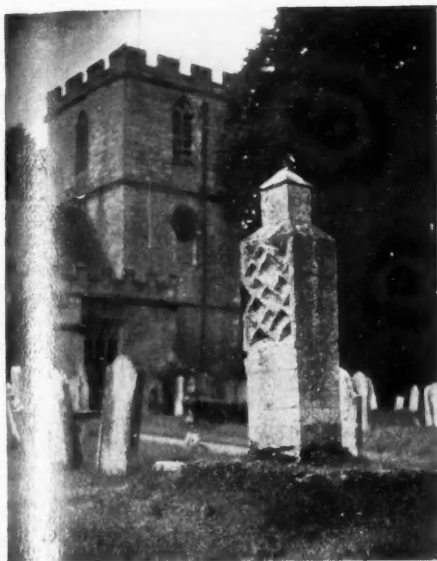
### THE COLLAPSE OF AN OLD YORKSHIRE HOUSE

SIR,—Six Chimneys, one of the most notable Tudor domestic edifices in the West Riding of Yorkshire, has come to grief. It occupied a site in Kirkgate, Wakefield, and its two upper storeys on one side recently collapsed on the bottom one. On a number of occasions the Corporation have been urged to



THE WAKEFIELD SIX CHIMNEYS BEFORE ITS COLLAPSE





THE ELMLEY CASTLE SUNDIAL

## AN UNUSUAL DIAL

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an unusual type of sundial, at Elmley Castle, Worcestershire. As will be seen, it is a stone pillar. The dial on the south face is decorated with the arms of Savage, the family who formerly owned the castle. It is believed to date from the sixteenth century, which would account for its much-worn condition.—W.

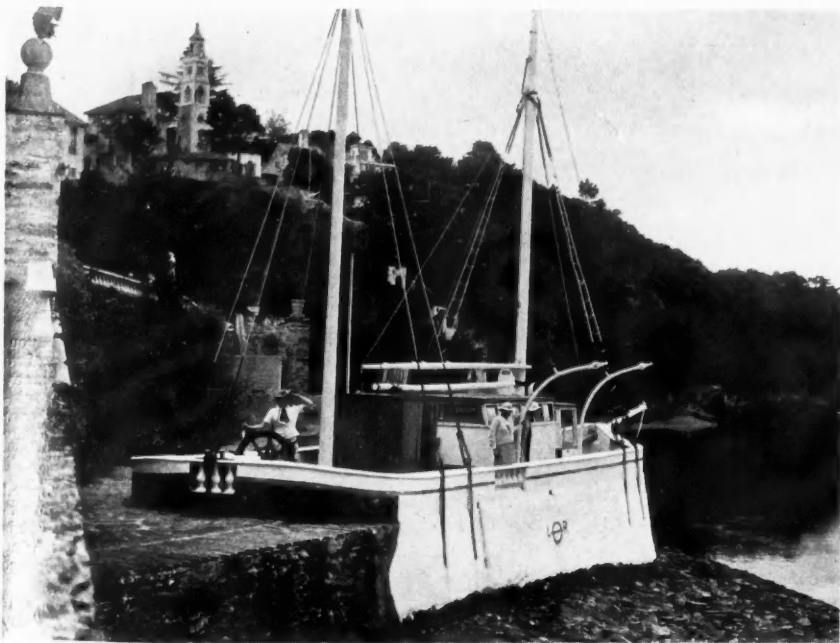
## THE COOL LARDER

SIR,—Outside the door of a farm at lovely Bibury in the Cotswolds runs a little clear stream. The farmer's family have found in it a natural refrigerator.—F. R. WINSTONE, Bristol.

## A USE FOR DERELICTS

SIR,—I have often thought it is a pity that no use has been found for some of the wrecked boats round our shores. So many of these derelicts litter some otherwise quite attractive spots, and it is very often difficult to find owners to remove them.

I was interested, when on a visit to North Wales, to see that one of these boats had been put to use. This was at Porthmeirion, near Penrhyndeudraeth, and the boat had been named *Amis Reunis*—a "spoof-ship." It seems that the deck-house, masts, and so on, were set up in concrete. This forms a pleasant shelter as well as a fine play-ground for children, who may well imagine they are at the wheel of a real ship.—G. LESLIE HORN, 215, Elgin Avenue, W.9.



A PLAY-SHIP AT PORTHMEIRION

## ANOTHER INN SIGN

SIR,—Your readers may like to see this inn sign which is to be found near Reading. They will notice that the sportsman flees while his quarry has the gun, and that even some letters in the name of the inn have caught the infection of inversion.—ANTIQUARY.

## KELVEDON HALL

SIR,—Is it not possible that the architect of the later decorations at Kelvedon Hall may be Sir William Chambers? The staircase balustrade looks to me very like a pattern that was a favourite with him.

Also in his later work he favoured a type of decoration a good deal lighter and more elegant than the Palladian stuff with which he is usually associated, keeping in touch with the Adam Brothers' innovations at a distance, as it were. It seems to me that the alterations might have been by him—or possibly, a pupil, such as Samuel Saxon, who designed Courteenhall in Northamptonshire and used many of Chambers's tricks. This is only a suggestion. It is curious that so much should have been done to the house so comparatively soon after it was built. Possibly it was a case of the greater part of the decoration being left for a number of years through money running short.

I write far removed from sources with which to



NATURE'S REFRIGERATOR



A SIGN OF OUR OWN TIMES

verify this suggestion, for what it is worth.—A. S. OSWALD

[Mr. Hussey writes: "It is good to have an argument again with my old colleague, Ordinary Coder Oswald, R.N. Only exigencies of space prevented further speculation, which seemed inconclusive at the time. The staircase plasterwork is obviously of about 1740—long before Chambers. But it is of course possible that a temporary balustrade preceded the present wrought iron one, and that this is as late as the subsequent alterations. Chambers did little work in the last years of his life—he died in 1796. But the date of the later rooms at Kelvedon is not known and may well come within his active period. Personally I prefer the suggestion of a pupil, but which? I do not see any resemblance to Saxon's work."—ED.]

## ABBAY GATEWAY RESTORED

SIR,—For many years the beautiful gateway of Easby Abbey, near Richmond, Yorkshire, has been in a ruinous condition, but work has been carried out by H.M. Office of Works restoring this ancient building. An idea of the fine vaulted interior of the gate-house is given by my photograph.

Easby Abbey, the situation of which rivals those of Bolton, Rievaulx and Fountains, was dedicated to St. Agatha (who was put on the rack, burnt with hot irons, and tortured to death in Catania, Italy, for refusing sacrifice to pagan gods) and was founded about 1152 by a Constable of Richmond Castle, for the benefit of the Premonstratensians.—J. D. ROBINSON, Darlington.



THE RESTORED GATEWAY AT EASBY ABBEY



RHYMED RULES FOR RINGERS IN WINTRINGHAM CHURCH

## IN WINTRINGHAM CHURCH

SIR,—I think your readers will be amused by my photograph of the quaint set of "Rules for the Bellringers" which is preserved in the tower of the interesting old church at Wintringham, Yorkshire. The reading of the indistinct words is "Spurs or Hat."  
—J. A. CARPENTER, 48, St. Catherine's Road, Harrogate.

## A "HIGH PLACE" OF WILTSHIRE

SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed photograph of an interesting old building on the borders of Wiltshire and Somerset, bearing the curious name of Chapel Plaster, of which the origin seems obscure. The place itself is said to have been a lodge for pilgrims on the road to Glastonbury; actually it lies now on a road from Bradford-on-Avon towards Corsham: it is also about half way from Bath to Lacock, both of them places with famous abbeys in the past.

Since those days it has had an unusually varied career even for monastic property. It was of course disused after the Dissolution and then became a dwelling-house. Later it was used as a village bakery and then a mere shed for storing old lumber. From this it passed into the hands of a notorious highwayman, Tom Baxter, who made it his headquarters. Within recent years it has been restored and is now a chapel of ease to the parish of Box, with regular services held there. The present buildings date from the fifteenth century. Originally there were the chapel itself, with a western porch and beside it a priest's room, and on the far side the hospital accommodation for the pilgrims. Later in the same century slight additions were made to the latter and an upper floor inserted in the priest's chamber. The niche over the west door is supposed to have held a light to guide wayfarers; equally probably it contained the usual figure of a saint, perhaps St. Christopher.—M. W., Hereford.

[The origins of Chapel Plaster have long stimulated antiquaries. The "hospice," such as it evidently was, is referred to by Leland as a hermit's cell, which may well have been its origin. But the name and site point to remoter antiquity. It stands on the end of the Corsham ridge, commanding

immense views, and on the oldest London-Bath road where several ways meet. Aubrey spells the name Playster; in 1340 licence was given to preach at *capella de Pleistede*; and antiquaries derive both forms from Playstow, a play-ground. This is a not uncommon place-name. An open green about the cross-roads still exists at Chapel Plaster. Many folk-dances and games have a prehistoric ritual, and in this case the site seems to confirm the derivation. If so, the pagan "high place" was Christianised in early times by a hermit. The locality was no doubt thickly populated after the discovery of the Hazelbury (later the Box) quarries in the parish, traditionally by St. Aldhelm in about 700 A.D., from which Stanley, Bradenstoke, Lacock and Malmesbury Abbeys were largely built. The late Mr. George Kidston of Hazelbury Manor found *Pleistede* a common proper name in Castle Combe in the fourteenth century.—Ed.]

## SPARE PROPELLERS

SIR,—A small boy once asked me if a ship carries a spare propeller, thus "helping" me with awkward questions while I was wrestling with a spare wheel on a car. The answer, as far as the cross-Channel service was once concerned, is shown in the enclosed photograph which may interest your readers.



SPARE PROPELLERS AT SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS

The propellers shown were kept on the docks at Southampton, marked with the names of the vessels to which they might be fitted. Presumably the ships would be towed back to port in case of need, for though they were masted, and spare masts can be seen in the picture, I doubt if the crews would be able to sail them home in these days!—M. L. HASELGROVE, 18, Maiden Castle Road, Dorchester, Dorset.



A CHEERFUL INN SIGN AT WEST HYDE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

## JOLLY GARDENERS

SIR,—Midsummer Time, as you point out in a recent editorial note, is affecting the company in many tap-rooms by causing gardeners to find it difficult to tear themselves away from their plots before closing time at the pub. Gardeners, otherwise, are staunch supporters of their locals, and many the useful tip have I acquired by conversation over an evening pint. Yet I do not remember often to have seen gardeners' honest thirst honoured by observance in the name of their places of refreshment. This pleasant instance is at West Hyde, Buckinghamshire. It is executed in the old East Anglian style of moulded plaster or "parging," but is actually dated 1889. The treatment suggests the influence of Kate Greenaway.—CURIOUS CROWE.

## A DOG SPOTTER

SIR,—The following may be of interest to you. I have three dogs who sleep in my bedroom. Two of them pay no attention whatsoever when enemy 'planes pass over, but the Corgi, although temperamentally placid—taking no notice of our own 'planes, however noisy they are—gets into a highly nervous state as soon as the German 'planes are heard.

We have only had (so far) bombs dropped two or three times near enough to shake windows and doors, yet she appears to understand that it is these 'planes that are responsible for the terrifying noise. I think this is rather extraordinary, because she is not really an intelligent dog.

Should I be unable to distinguish between our aeroplanes and those of the enemy, "Delia," by her behaviour, would quickly satisfy me on this point!—P. A. HALL, Somerset.



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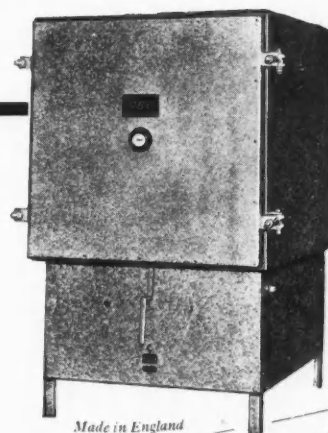
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# SOLDIER, SAILOR, M.P.

A Review by H. M. TOMLINSON

*Windjammer to Westminster*, by Captain H. J. Moss. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

**W**INDJAMMERS are very attractive, especially as they sail now only into reminiscences. Westminster (and by that Parliament House is always meant, never the Abbey) is even more attractive, but not because it has the apparitional beauty of a ship under all canvas in the morning sun. There is no mere loveliness about it. Captain Moss, therefore, shows more sensitiveness for the attraction of Westminster than for his windjammer, with which indeed he is just a little perfunctory. But then, he was but a lad when under sail, and many adventures came his way after that. He says, for one adventure, that he thinks he is the only master-mariner promoted from the bridge to a seat in the House. But surely admirals have been so promoted, and even men from before the mast? The House is like Heaven in its free acceptance of any good man who comes to it. In the long run, Captain Moss was vouched for by Rutherglen, so into the House he went.

Nevertheless, a reader who knows a little of the sea cannot help respecting Captain Moss

his ship homewards against all the powers of wind and sea, now and again displaying a startling divination of the dangers his charge could just surmount and crying his commands, though others feared for her. Captain Moss has never forgotten that indomitable figure facing impending calamity, and a reader can be grateful for his memory. This reviewer knew Kelly, who so well represented the Red Ensign, whose health was shattered by his experiences in the last war, but who continued at sea, and at last died in his room under his navigation bridge. How fortunate we are to have so many of these grey-haired mariners, who face out the matter beyond our sight and hearing, and can be removed from the break of the poop only by death! *Vale* to old Kelly!

He never reached Westminster. Kelly would be greatly surprised to learn that his bearing, in the simple performance of his duty while pulling his ship through, once so fired the imagination of an apprentice that that boy did at long last attain a seat in the House. There seems no end to the complexity and surprises of life, and perhaps it is just as well that brusque and skilful men, bearing themselves easily while performing tasks others could not do at all, are

He says, "I have slept behind the hedge with an empty pocket and an empty stomach, and I have been received by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace." From the lee of a hedge to the Royal palace is certainly a remarkable journey, and to dwell upon it is natural in a man who has accomplished it. This Captain Moss does, advocating even courageous "bluff" (which, he points out, must necessarily be "genuine") in the avoidance of "ruts." Otherwise, a sailor may never be able to cry, as our mariner and author does in a late chapter, "Westminster Ahoy!" From Westminster's august vantage he again observed character, and even famous men, while Germany was proclaiming a policy of guns instead of butter. Somehow, though, his account of the bearing of the notable men he saw on the bridge (as it were) at Westminster, while they manoeuvred to meet what was before them, does not affect us as did the figure of honest old Kelly doing the best he knew when the Southern Ocean was up against him. Nothing so near the mark as that.

## ISLAND HOME

Ronald Lockley's books are widely read, for he is among the first nature writers of the day, but perhaps *The Way to an Island* (Dent, 7s. 6d.) is the best of the good books he has given us. It is the fashion nowadays to compare a writer, his style and observations, to that great naturalist, W. H. Hudson. "So-and-so," the critics say, "has the true Hudson outlook, the true Hudson style"—and yet we who afterwards read the book know that this praise is unmerited and is, indeed, sometimes merely ludicrous. But in *The Way to an Island* R. M. Lockley does remind us of Hudson in his style—and we can give him no greater praise than that. His writing is well-nigh perfect. In his clear, simple and direct narrative he paints, in a few words, a picture vivid and arresting. Truly he makes the past live again, and clothes it with immortality. We cannot imagine a book which, in these sombre days of war, could give more quiet pleasure by transporting the mind to happy and peaceful scenes, painted by the author's delicate brush. There is no Nature lover who, reading the first page, will not continue, enthralled, to the last. He will forget the mad world in which he presently lives, and will be transported in spirit to the quiet days of peace. He will hear the churring of storm petrels at dusk on Skokholm, the harsh cries of gannets on Grassholm; the weird calling of shearwaters at midnight over the author's house on an island which he can never—at all events in his heart—leave. The theme of the book is the author's experiences from his early years until he acquired the Atlantic island of his heart, and was able to take thither his bride—did she not, with her own hands, fashion the island's flag, with three storm petrels worked on it? But the book is mainly about the author's earlier years, before he acquired Skokholm, and not the least remarkable of his gifts is the skill, the vividness, with which he brings events of those early years before his readers. An intense love of Nature—of the beautiful things in life—wells over from the printed pages. A love of birds and animals, of flowers and trees, is found here; throughout the book no single unkind or uncharitable remark is made. The author prefers the blackbird's song to that of the nightingale. He is perhaps right. A blackbird suffers from competition, but the nightingale sings at midnight alone. The time is romantic, the woods are hushed. What wonder, then, that through the ages the nightingale should have been enthroned as King of Songsters.

## FOOTPRINTS OF FAME

Perhaps Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, in *Durham Company* (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), writes a little too much as if she were the first that ever burst into the affairs of Byron, Wordsworth and Scott; sometimes, too, the unconscious obtrusion of her ego makes slightly comic reading, as in the sentence, "Scott had succumbed instantaneously to the pervasive charm of Rokeby; my capitulation was also immediate." But she gathers together in a manner useful to those unfamiliar with complete biographies, episodes in the lives of a number of famous men where these happened to touch the county of Durham. The author's enthusiasm is sincere and great, which partially compensates for a style lacking in distinction. Her subjects include Byron's marriage, Coleridge's love story and accounts of the two Surtees: the one who wrote the *History of the County of Durham*, and the one who created Jorrocks and was snobbishly ashamed of it.



MARLOES' FISHERMAN

(From *The Way to an Island*)

as a sailor for the better reason that he was nominated by the Imperial Merchant Service Guild as its representative on the National Maritime Board. Other readers may pass over "this simple fact"—Captain Moss himself passes from it in one short page, admitting that he did not remain a Member for long. Too busy! And there perhaps we see the sole trouble with ambition; it keeps one going. It is rigorous. Captain Moss admits that he was ambitious, and that he carefully avoided ever getting into a rut. The proverb of the rolling stone never made him stop once.

His first experience with a windjammer, out of Glasgow for New Zealand, as an apprentice, though he went through a mutiny aboard, did not rouse his ambition. That came about on his return voyage in the old *Akaroa*. There are Londoners still who remember her. Her master was a certain Captain Kelly. She came home round Cape Horn. Our author calls this period in her passage "awful weeks." His ship was hove-to, far to the south of the Cape, for ten days, in an easterly gale. He was deeply moved, as a lad, by the sight in the long tumult of a grey-haired man, who never seemed to sleep, but was always holding on at the break of the poop, watchful for any chance, edging

unconscious of the admiring eyes of the young, never guessing their own masculine influence. Anyhow, young Moss was affected by the manner of a good man, and stuck to unpleasant duties, taking the stages in sea-life with ease, till he reached his master's ticket at an early age. Very soon after that he was given command, in steam. There was timber-collecting on the coasts of tropical America, and, after that, "coal out and cattle home." The war came—that other war—and Captain Moss began to dodge submarines, but at last failed to dodge another steamer, which cut down his own and left him struggling in the water. Ashore again, he decided he had had enough of the sea, and joined the Army. He wanted another change. He was sent out to Africa. From looking for periscopes he had a change to looking lions in the eye, beyond camp fires. One must say for the gallant officer that he was agile in the avoidance of ruts. Put him down anywhere on earth and, though he were without means, he would soon find some, and even plenty, where nothing useful would be evident to most of us.

It is in justification of this idiosyncrasy in the art of living that, at the end of his book, having served as a Member of Parliament, he reflects upon life. He is entitled to do that.



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# MAY-FLY TIME

By ROY BEDDINGTON

**A**ND what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days. Thus wrote James Russell Lowell, and to parody the next line the dry-fly fisherman might continue: "Then angler tries the trout if he be in tune," for the month of June is certainly the happiest for the dry-fly man. Let him be gay; for, as I write, it is may-fly time. The fly is up and rods are too, while lakes, rivers, streams and even canals are peopled with green drakes and fishermen; 3x and 4x casts give place to sterner stuff. Small fry are ignored and great trout rise from the depths to join in this great feast. It is war-time, but—Heaven be praised!—Nature does not alter her ways and the *sub-imago* still casts its shuck and floats sedately down-stream to be gobbled up by fish or birds (swallows and martins are sweeping low over the water) or fly, wings dried, into the shelter of the withies or the reeds. We are still treated to the dance of the *imagines* over the bushes and the fall of spent gnat in the evening. We, who are fishermen, thank Nature for carrying on sanely and surely in this topsy-turvy world.

Let us go to but two of those many waters where the may-fly appears—to the Kennet with our old friend, Colonel Strikehard, and his man Smithers, and to Lough Sheelin with his shooting partner (in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE) Admiral Hairt-Rigger.

Well! Here we are with the Colonel on the Kennet. He is in his oldest clothes, while Smithers is in battle-dress, most suitable fishing attire. They are leaving the hut, and the kindly owner is wishing them a tight line. "No doubt about the ole man 'avin' that, what with all these branches about," mutters Smithers to himself as they cross the water meadows, yellow with buttercups, to approach the stretch near the railway line. The Colonel is munching furiously and his great moustache is swinging this way and that in rhythm with his apparent chewing.

"Be you chewin' gum, sir? Excusin' me askin'," enquires Smithers.

"The cast, you fool," replies the Colonel and chews the more fiercely. This emergency method of soaking casts is new to Smithers. The Colonel once forgot to take off his fly, but . . . they have arrived at the seat, well placed, as seats should be, to obtain a maximum view of the water.

The party halts. The Colonel begins to grease his line (silly man to soil his fingers!

He will pay for it later when he puts on his cast, for it is sure to "croquet-hoop." Ah! But I have spoken too soon. The old man is washing his hands in the soil under water; he knows the tip). He extracts the 2½yd. tapered 2x cast from his mouth and ties it to the line. In the evening he will change to 1x (some use 0x) so as to take no risks. He puts on a hackle fly, not too fuzzy; for, as he remarks to Smithers: "We don't want any parachutists here." Too much hackle causes a fly to "parachute" on its nose on to the water and produce a "croquet-hoop."

In old days the fly on this part of the Kennet could reasonably be expected to appear about the end of May, but of late years nothing has been certain, and to add to the bewilderment of the fisherman a wind has turned the river by day into a sea of little waves so that one man, last year, was heard to say that on his stretch he could only cast when passing trains provided momentary shelter. The fly has hatched only to be swept off the surface before it can set sail.

This morning, however, there is little wind. The Colonel sits down to survey the river. It is early yet to see any fly. The trout's home secretary has not thought fit to put the clock on two hours. It is only nine o'clock by fish time.

The Kennet differs from its peer the Test. It flows from west to east, which makes the glare of the setting sun most troublesome, whereas the Test flows southward. The evening rise on the latter is, as a result, earlier. On most stretches of the Test there is little may-fly. This, although it deprives the river of two glorious weeks, makes it possible to have free-rising fish throughout the season. The deeper Kennet flows more majestically. Its passage between Hungerford and Newbury—



when it keeps close company with the canal, where a few monsters are still to be caught—may be described as "soft and luxurious," while the Test, more musical and skittish, resembles more Kennet's tributary, the Lambourn, as it sparkles and bubbles between the Downs. The land bordering the Kennet is richer, just as is the flesh of its trout, which is invariably pink, owing to an abundant supply of shrimps. There are, however, great trout in both.

So let us not compare, but return to the Colonel, who is moving up to attack. There are fly hatching, and a mighty swirl is seen beneath an overhanging withy. Smithers remarks: "That was no incendiary. More like one of those big fellows that swished. . . ." His master has cast.

"What did I say?" murmurs Smithers as he unravels the gut from a willow branch. The next cast is more successful and lands a foot above the fish. There is a boil. The Colonel strikes, but too quick. It is said that, before striking, one should say slowly "This is the B.B.C. Home and Forces programme. Here is the news," though some people hold that the name of the announcer reading it should be added before action is taken. No doubt the adage of these big trout is:

Him will most enjoyment follow,  
Who's widest mouth and longest swallow.

These big ones rarely come twice, unlike their brethren on the Test.

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The rise has started on the Kennet, and we will leave the Colonel for the present and take the boat to Eire, where the Admiral has left his element and driven to a house near Lough Sheelin, which stretches for three miles across fertile County Westmeath. The lake is fed by small streams and in its waters are trout of over 10lb. It is dapping time, and in the morning the admiral, in his tweeds and no braid, goes to the little landing-stage, where Pat and his boat are waiting. As he goes aboard, note his armament. He has a 17ft. dapping rod of light bamboo, and on his reel are 20yds. of undressed silk blow-line, spliced to 50yds. of backing. He has a 2x tapered cast to which is affixed a No. 3 hook with wide gape. He carries, also, his dry-fly rod, for it



"WHY NOT TRY NOT STRIKING AT ALL, SIR?" SMITHERS IS SUGGESTING AS THE COLONEL ROARS ABUSE AT ANOTHER FISH THAT HE HAS FAILED TO HOOK





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is possible to fish the imitation as well as the natural fly. His landing-net, although there is a formidable long-handled weapon in the well of the boat, makes up the tackle. Pat pushes off with the oar, while the Admiral shouts advice on casting off.

The outboard motor is started (although these contraptions save time and human energy, there is a strong theory that they are detrimental to the fishing). They head for a little island in the middle of the lake, where they hope to collect enough fly. The Admiral finds it pleasant to sail in waters infested only by submarines of the *salar* variety, as he amuses himself with fathoms of blow-line and sheep-bends.

On the island there is an abundance of fly, blown on to the stones. Soon the rectangular fly-can with perforated lid is filled to capacity with the larger females and smaller males. The little boat chugs a mile up-wind, preparatory to a drift down the lee shore, whither the green drakes are blown.

Three flies are fixed to the hook, the point of which is passed through the thorax of each. The boat is steadied by an oar on the windward side across the wind, which blows out the flies to settle quietly on the water. Dapping is a dull occupation until a trout rises. The dapper has more in common with the float than the fly fisherman. Restraint is necessary when a fish rises. The strike should not be too hard or too quick. The Admiral is lucky; he has hooked a monster which is providing a battle no less strenuous, if more peaceful, than that being fought off Eire's Atlantic shore. The long-handled net and not depth charges finishes off a fine fish of 8lb., which I warrant will be as pink and good eating as any Tay salmon.

Much to Pat's disgust the Admiral decides to try the artificial fly with his small rod. He casts and, causing his fly to drag to give a drowning effect, quickly hooks and "boats"

another. After this he wisely decides to try one of the streams which feed the lake. Trout ascend these to spawn, and some decide to prolong their visit. Great sport can be had in what appears to be a ditch. I have spent a most happy day catching two-pounders in the little rivers of Westmeath and failing to catch far larger trout. "Once dapped" is sufficient for me and, apparently, the Admiral; for we both find greater enjoyment in running water and a trout rod by day. In the evening we return to the lake, when the spent gnat is on the water, but let us first see how the Colonel is faring.

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"Why not try not striking at all, sir?" Smithers is suggesting as the Colonel roars abuse at another fish that he has failed to hook.

"I'll have you in the orderly room if you don't shut up," shouts the Colonel. He has had a disappointing day, such as those unacquainted with the ways of Kennet trout are wont to have. He has caught one fish of more than 3lb., but has missed a score that departed to laugh at his too eager striking. The rise has stopped and he goes to the hut for supper until the dancing *imagines* are spent.

"Why is it they call them submargins green drakes, sir?" asks Smithers as they walk back across the meadows.

"Because they used to make the imitations from the feathers of the mallard drake," correctly replies the Colonel. "Talking of Drake, Smithers, I wonder how the Admiral is doing on Lough Sheelin."

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The sun is down below the low hills that rise to the west of the lake, when the Admiral joins Pat at the landing-stage.

"They are falling on the lake like Heinkels in England. They are indeed, sir," says Pat as he rows along the shore. The lake is still and it is no time for outboard motors. A few

fish are already rising, as the Admiral ties a Barratt to his cast. He is giving directions quickly to Pat, for it is important to move rapidly and with little noise towards a rising fish. In the evening a trout will cruise over a great area. If possible the boatman should so stalk the fish that when the fisherman casts, his fly will fall somewhere in the line of the fish's beat and in front of him.

"Pull hard to starboard. There!" He casts. His fly lands without a splash and remains motionless. There follows a period of long and most painful suspense. Very slowly a great head appears beside the fly.

"Look the other way, yer honour," calls Pat; "give him a quarter of an hour." The Admiral, unlike his friend on the Kennet, strikes not, but is heard to mutter "all the nice fish love the sailors" twice over and then: "Begorra they do. You have him," shouts Pat, claspings the long-handled net. There is no need to recount more. As the light fades a little boat glides alongside the jetty, and two happy men step ashore.

"The Admiralty announced the destruction of another four . . ." The Navy is doing well.

The long shadows across the river have disappeared. There is peace in the valley of the Kennet broken only by the plop of a rising trout or the soothing notes of the wood-pigeon. The Colonel, too, is placid as he throws his spent gnat at a fish rising beside the camp-sheathing. "Look at them duck over'ead, sir," calls Smithers from the security of the reeds. The Colonel glances skywards.

"Now let 'im 'ave it, sir. By George, you 'ave 'im." Sure enough the Colonel is fast into something big, which, when deposited by Smithers on the banks, pulls the scale to 5½lb. Thus let us leave them. "The War Office reports the capture of another vast . . ."

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# SALE OF A NOTABLE SHROPSHIRE SEAT

THE sale for a sum exceeding £100,000 of a notable estate in Shropshire has been effected through the agency of the Northampton office of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. It is that of The Grove, Craven Arms, which belonged to the late Mrs. Greene, the widow of Mr. H. D. Greene, K.C. The solicitors for the trustees, who included the Archdeacon of Norfolk, were Messrs. Peacock and Goddard, and those for the purchasers an insurance company that has bought the estate as an investment, were Messrs. Atkey and Co. Immediately before the disposal of the property Mr. Jackson Stops conducted a successful auction of the very valuable contents of the house.

The Grove ranks as one of the finest estates in the western Midlands. The house occupies a high site, in the midst of gardens which have more than a county reputation for their beauty. The park is surrounded by 25 farms, a large area of woodland, and altogether approximately 3,420 acres. The land lies in parts as high as 800ft. above sea level, but much of it is in the fertile valley traversed by the main road from Ludlow to Shrewsbury. As a sporting property The Grove has always been esteemed for its high-flying pheasants, and the trout fishing in the valley stream. There is a great quantity of matured timber on the property. It is commonly believed that the late Mrs. Greene used to expend something like £3,000 a year above anything derived in rents, in the maintenance of The Grove, and the tenantry enjoyed every advantage from having a most indulgent landlady, whose benevolence was appreciated throughout Shropshire.

### TEN SQUARE MILES FOR SALE

THE late Duke of Argyll at one time counted the estate of Rosneath, in Dumbartonshire, among his landed possessions. The 6,830 acres, on the peninsula between Gareloch and Loch Long in the Firth of Clyde, has a total rent-roll of roundly £7,000 a year. Private offers for the property are invited, through the agency of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who are acting in conjunction with Messrs. R. C. Knight and Co. If the property is not so sold it will come under the hammer, as a whole or in many lots, some time towards the early autumn. The residential excellence of the district is attested by the fact that the original owners, though having a wide choice of homes, elected to stay there a good deal, and that the late Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) invariably spent much of the summer in the present mansion.

The old castle of Rosneath, or Rosneath, the ancient baronial abode of the Lennox family,

was restored and occupied by the Marquess of Argyll in the year 1630, and later other members of the family used it, until, in 1802, a spacious house in the Italian style replaced it. Clachan House, one of the other large houses on the estate, belonged to the Campbells, who regarded it as their principal residence. The remains of an ancient stronghold at Knockderry are thought to be those of a fort built by Danish or Norwegian marauders in early times.

Grouse, blackgame, pheasants, woodcock and other game abound. The plantations, principally of hardwoods, though with a considerable area of Scots fir and other conifers, extend to well over 450 acres. The 14 large farms are well provided with houses and buildings, and the secured income from the estate is augmented by private hotel, licensed premises and other lettings, and £2,700 a year from building leases. In Camsail Bay there is a good anchorage for yachts, and the four piers on the property serve for boat services to Gourrock, Rhu and Kildoran.

### A GROUP OF GOOD SALES

CAPTAIN MOSER has sold, to Mr. Cyril Fletcher, Winscote, a modern house in the Elizabethan style and five or six acres, at Potters Bar. The sale was carried out by Messrs. Wellesley-Smith and Co., who have also sold Priors Mesne, an estate of about 120 acres, at Lydney. This Gloucestershire freehold has a small Georgian mansion, and the tropical garden is among the best of its type in this country. During the last half-century Priors Mesne has changed hands only twice, and on the previous occasion Messrs. Wellesley-Smith and Co. were also the agents. Their other sales in the last week or two include Woodlands, a small residence in four acres, at Westend, in the vicinity of Southampton; two Hertfordshire houses, namely Bury Hall, a restored Elizabethan example and three or four acres, and a property near Welwyn, known as Raffin Green Farm; and Surrey sales include Woodhill, at Camberley.

The valuable estate, Sheepbridge Court, near Spencers Wood, extending to 330 acres, and within four and a half miles of the centre of Reading, has just been sold by Messrs. Wellesley-Smith and Co., of Reading, in conjunction with Messrs. Collins and Collins, of South Audley Street, London, W.1. It comprises the Court House, an original fifteenth-century structure, built of Tudor thin brick, and with moated gardens, together with rich dairy farms, small holdings and cottages. There are nearly two miles of road frontage and a quarter of a mile of the River Loddon included in the sale. Messrs. Stanley Hicks and Son, of London, acted for the purchaser.

A very successful auction was conducted at Salisbury, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Mr. James G. W. Barker, of 10 lots of the Cowesfield estate. Five of the lots were sold under the hammer, for a sum totalling £4,135. These included Manor Farmhouse and Manor Farm, Yew Tree Farm and Greenways Cottages on Cowesfield Green. A further four lots, mostly woodland, were disposed of after the sale, and Cowesfield Green, with the manors, or reputed manors, of Cowesfield Esturmeys and Cowesfield Loveleys or Loveraz, was sold by private treaty before the auction.

### ODDITIES OF THE OLD-FASHIONED "PLOT" SALES

WITH reference to a note in last week's Estate Market, many less eligible tracts of seaside land in the home counties were brought under the hammer of certain firms about thirty years ago, and (to quote a well-known member of the Council of the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute, alluding to such events), "there were free trips, free lunches, free deeds of conveyance, and sometimes a free fight." It may seem surprising that the realisations at many of these auctions were very substantial and, although building development followed in some districts, elsewhere the plots bought and paid for remained derelict. On this point a curious incident may be recalled. The buyer of two or three plots in Essex forgot all about them, until someone happened to tell him a year or two ago that a factory had been built over his and other sites. The result of investigation assisted him to a much more profitable turnover of his sunken capital than he could ever have hoped for from ordinary development. One other, and rather amusing, auction of the "free trip" order is worth recalling. A London firm took a special trainload of buyers to a spot on the Norfolk Broads. From near the station the buyers were taken by barge to the place of sale, where a marquee stood ready with the champagne luncheon. So many people arrived that the lunch had to be served in two sections, and the later barges were conveniently mishandled so that they did not arrive until the first party had gone and the tables had been relaid. Some of the buyers at such sales must sometimes have come to wish that the champagne had been less plentiful. On the whole, however, the amount of amusement derived from attendance at them was worth while, although often plots for which £25 or £50 had been paid proved worth on resale no more than £25 for half a dozen. It is a chapter in auction records almost forgotten but worth recalling.

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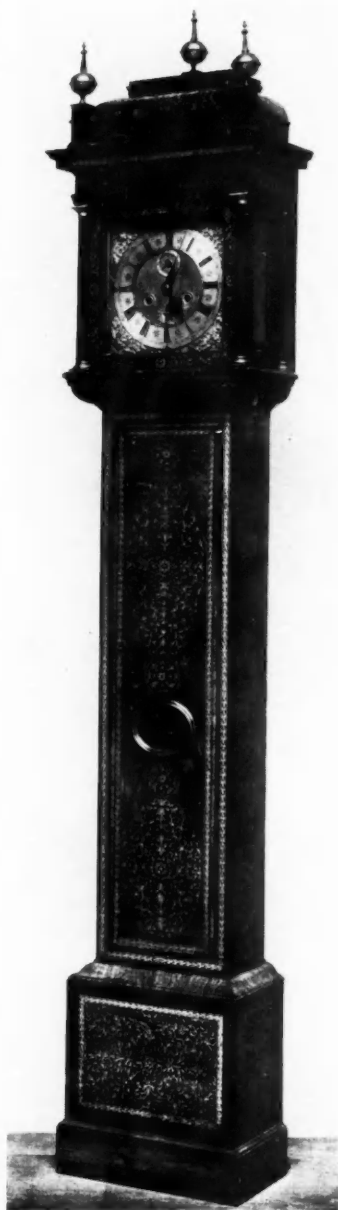
# FLAT ORNAMENT IN EARLY ENGLISH FURNITURE

FORESTRY AND FIGURE. By W. A. THORPE

ANYONE who has looked at seventeenth-century oak furniture must have been struck by the profusion and excellence of its carved ornament. There is little wood sculpture in the round, few of the grotesque female figures, birds and beasts which are characteristic of Italian and French furniture of the Renaissance. The corresponding English idiom was flat carving, sometimes in countersunk or very low relief, sometimes of the gouged-out kind known as "chip-carving." The carvers eagerly seized upon a void surface, sometimes using furniture designed rather "uselessly" to provide them with a broad "canvas." They show much skill in adapting traditional themes to fill a given field *horror vacui*, and in their lively simplification of creatures, leaves, flowers, chain motifs and much else. Perhaps their art is seen best in pieces from the Welsh marches or the north of England, where the mediæval tradition of ornament was less disturbed by invading fashions.

From the end of the sixteenth century walnut "Tymer and Boordes" were imported from Villaviciosa (North Spain) in "greate store and good cheape," and from Grenoble and Burgundy through Boulogne. One might expect that, with its beautiful figure, it would be "made up" for correspondingly flat effects. For three-quarters of a century rather the contrary happened. Walnut came to England with all the force of Renaissance taste behind it. For centuries it had been in some sense the wood of humanism in Europe. It was cultivated in ancient Persia—*basilikè* or *Persikè* the Greeks called it—long before the furniture and oil of *annosa nux* made its growth famous in Italy and Narbonne, and its name changed to *Juglans regia*. In the eleventh century it was so strange to us that we called it the foreigner, the *Wal* or *Welsh* nut-tree. And so the furniture of English baroque, though not without native characteristics, remains largely Italian and architectural or sculptural in conception. Such is the fine Charles II armchair of Fig. 1, one of a set recently given by Mr. Leslie Clarke to the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Renaissance was inclined to share the Oriental belief that the wood of woods was ebony; and even in England seventeenth-century joiners sometimes polished walnut "with its own Oyl very hot, which makes it look black and sleek."

English growth after the Restoration never



2.—GRANDFATHER CLOCK  
CIRCA 1690

Inlaid work reached its climax in the spidery precision of endive marquetry. V. and A. Tomes Bequest

equalled the "French Walnutt Tree Venears." But it was afforestation and lumbering that taught us the beauties of its figure, and how to cut and cure for it. The pioneer of walnut plantation, Sir Francis Stydolf of Mickleham, Surrey, at his death in March, 1655-56, was already making "considerable revenue" from the gun-stock and cabinet wood of the "innumerable" walnut trees which he had planted years before in the not too luxurious soil of the Norbury hills. At Marden his example was followed by Sir Robert Clayton, Lord Mayor in 1679-80; and in 1673 Sir Josiah Child, the economist, bought Wanstead Abbey and went to "prodigious cost" in planting walnut. They were not the only City men who liked to surround their country houses with a profitable landscape.

The triumph of walnut figure is one which we owe mainly to the zest and sensibility of a friend of the planters and a Fellow of the new Royal Society, John Evelyn the diarist. His manual of forestry (1664) enjoyed three editions in fifteen years, then a good sale for a technical work. English in his tastes, for all his Grand Tour, he was never tired of commending fine or figured woods to the young cabinet trade; and like other wise "coaches" he sometimes says "is" when he means "ought to be." He offers, first in 1670, a little academic apology for the new trade name, "Faneering" (Fr. *fournir*), for the veneer process which a new sense of wood was bringing with it. It is when he writes of figure that he is most moved to felicity of phrase. Walnut, he said with thoughts of Italian silk, was "admirable streaked for fleck'd and chambletter works"; but "conspicuous above all" was maple for its "knurs and nodosities," "undulations and chamfers," its "extravagant damaskings and characters." Walnut and maple, now cut especially from branch and root and burr, carried all before them, and made the way for yew, ivy, rosewood and olive, of all of which Evelyn had seen "incomparable pieces."

The give of yew had long made it famous for bows and "everlasting axle-trees." As an ornamental wood for furniture it came, so to speak, from the floor, where its toughness was an advantage. The vogue for it seems to have been due to "a most ingenious man," Bab May's brother Hugh (fl. 1662-83), Surveyor of Works at Windsor Castle and architect of Berkeley House, Piccadilly. In 1677 Hugh May built the "plaine fabric" at Cassiobury Park, Hertfordshire, for his friend "the unhappy Arthur Capell, first Earl of Essex. This "judicious and pondering person" shared the Caroline taste for trees and books, and among the "divers faire" interiors at Cassiobury May included "one room parquettèd with yew," no doubt supplied from the estate by Moses Cook. It was just Evelyn's taste and of course he "lik'd it well." Some years later he remarked that yew, though suitable "particularly for marquetry floors," was "gladly" used by the inlayers and cabinet-makers. Still floor-like are the broad yew surface and Euclid pattern of a fine gate-leg table in Fig. 4, part of a collection of furniture and other things bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Miss Amy Evelyn Tomes, who died in 1940 in consequence of enemy



1.—CARVED WALNUT CHAIR of about 1685.  
Given to the Victoria and Albert Museum by  
Mr. Leslie Clarke



3.—MAHOGANY CHAIR of about 1753  
The back corresponds to a design by Chippendale.  
Tomes Bequest





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action. A box of olive oyster-pieces is inlaid with beautiful stringing of rather similar pattern, suggested by the exercises of seventeenth-century geometry or architectural uses of compasses. Some 30 years later yew marquetry is admirably combined with walnut and amboyna on a bureau also in the Tomes Bequest (Fig. 6). This piece, remarkable for the cloudy sheen and fine preservation of its polished figure, may claim to represent English furniture at its best. Inside it is fitted with mounts of ivory, a feature found in England, as Mr. Ralph Edwards has pointed out, "only on walnut and mahogany furniture of the highest quality."

In the shifting lights of walnut, said Evelyn the romantic, you may see "natural flowers Landscips and other Fancys." But these things would not feed the whole trade of "Inlayers"; and so our feeling for pattern was satisfied as much by marquetry as by figure. Most tradesmen find it easier to copy or adapt a design than to invent one, and the inlayers were perhaps especially prone to get their ideas from textiles, design in a portable and fairly durable form. The several varieties of English inlaid work may fairly claim to reach their climax in the daintiness and spidery precision of the happily named endive designs. In the clock of Fig. 2 the case-makers combine them with fine walnut veneer, and show their skill in limiting their small-scale pattern to panels and borders, so that the eye is not dazed by "littleness multiplied." The movement is by Henry Godfrey of London, master (*i.e.* member) of the Clockmakers' Company 1685-1707.

It might be expected that in Palladian England increasing regard for formal proportion would diminish interest in ornament. For a short time this was perhaps true. In the "blind" or "solid" splats of Queen Anne chairs and settees the symmetrical profile may have great beauty, but the figured wood seems often to have been chosen to render any other splat ornament unnecessary. Such plainness did not last long. The date and the author of the "invention" of the open-work interlacing splat are not yet known exactly. It was a brilliant idea, not less so for being gradual, and during the second quarter of the century in the hands of the precursors and contemporaries of Chippendale it developed an almost endless variety of intertwining patterns. These might be claimed as the great glory of English chairs during the rococo period. They set classicism at defiance and again affiliated English furniture, at the time of its greatest technical skill, to the tracery of Gothic windows, the strapwork of illuminated ornament, and much else in the Celtic-Gothic tradition of English art. By comparison with this genuine "throw-back" the calculated revivals which Walpole and Chippendale called "Gothick" seem a trifling pastiche.

Perfecting in elegance of curve and carved rococo detail is the beautiful splat of the chair in Fig. 3. The back accords precisely with a design prepared for Chippendale and dated 1753 (*Director*, 1762, Plate xiii).

The ornamental character of mediæval heraldry gained much in the eighteenth century from the delicate beauty of engraved mantlings on family silver. It is not to be forgotten that the great Hogarth himself was apprenticed about 1712 to a silversmith and also had much experience of billhead engraving. Such employment will explain his design on the lid of a pressed-horn tobacco-box (Fig. 5) signed by the actual maker:



4.—YEW GATE-LEG TABLE, THE TOP INLAID WITH EUCLIDIAN DESIGNS

*Bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the late Miss Amy Evelyn Tomes*



5.—DESIGNED BY HOGARTH ABOUT 1730.

Pressed horn tobacco-box with the "arms" of the Lumber Troop. Length 4ins. Given to the Victoria and Albert Museum through the National Art Collections Fund by J. H. Burn

T. BAKER/FECIT. The fictitious arms have been read as an escutcheon displaying the moon, a star, a punchbowl, and a lantern. Crest: an owl sitting on a barrel. Supporters: Bacchus and Ceres. Motto: IN NOCTE LAETAMUR. An afterthought of Hogarth's first biographer records that about 1730 he was a member of a celebrated drinking-club called The Lumber Troop. One of his fellow "Troopers" was a certain John Harrison who kept a snuff and tobacco shop in Bell Yard, Temple Bar. He was a great songster on club nights and appears as the "roaring Bacchanalian" leaning over the parson in the *Modern Midnight Conversation*. Hogarth designed the Troop's "arms" for tobacco-papers vended by Harrison, and for the club-room and admission tickets. Only one of the tobacco-papers could be found in 1786, so some interest may attach to this rare little box, presumably sold by Harrison himself and given to the Museum through the National Art Collections Fund by Mr. J. H. Burn.

6 (left).—BUREAU. Yew and walnut veneer on mahogany carcass, the interior lined with amboyna veneer and ivory mounts. Early 18th century. V. and A. Tomes Bequest



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Messrs. Agnew's Summer Exhibition, of which a review will be published next week, contains some outstanding works from Wilson and Crome to Steer and Sickert, Duncan Grant and Anthony Devas, besides two important Romney portraits. Francis Towne, Constable, and Ibbetson are also well represented—the former by a rare oil painting of Walton Bridge, reminiscent of Canaletto.





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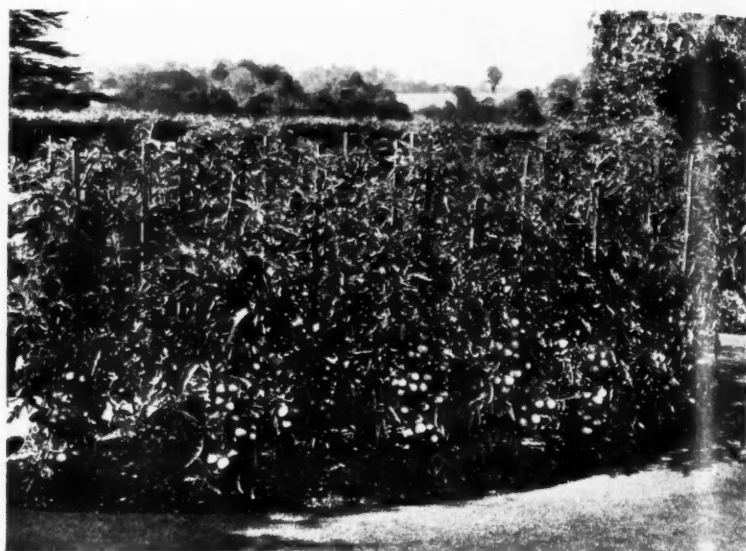
## JUNE AMONG THE VEGETABLES

THE IMPORTANCE OF STAKING AND THINNING  
SUCCESSIONAL SOWINGS FOR LATE SUPPLIES

**W**EATHER conditions during the past month have not been too kind to the vegetable grower, more than ever anxious this year to obtain the quickest possible return from his ground. The cold drying winds from the north and east, coupled with frosts at night hindered growth during May and adversely affected the germination of many seeds.

Where peas and beans have come through rather patchily there is still ample time to sow a fresh supply for a later crop, and, with beans especially, this course should be followed. The main routine jobs to be attended to this month are the important ones of staking and thinning, both essential to the production of good quality crops. As soon as they are through the ground peas should be staked, care being taken not to place the twiggy supports too close together. The early rows of broad beans require adequate support to keep them in an upright position, and good stout sticks are necessary for the runner beans, except the variety *Princeps*. They should be set carefully about a foot apart, so that the rather brittle roots are not injured in any way, and cross-tied, so that all the individual supports are held properly rigid.

This season the broad beans are slower than usual in development, and when the plants have set four or five trusses take out the tips and dust with derris powder as a preventive against fly. Where there is room, a sowing now of *Green Windsor* on a cool north border will provide a useful crop in the later summer. With the runner beans it is a good plan to keep all the side shoots removed and tie the young plants loosely to their support to assist them to climb. A



AN OUTDOOR CROP OF TOMATOES ON A FORMER FLOWER BED.  
THE VARIETY IS *SUNRISE*

Note the careful staking and the removal of the lower foliage to assist ripening

mulch of littery material alongside the rows greatly benefits development and reduces the necessity for watering, while spraying the foliage frequently also helps growth and assists the lower trusses to set well. A second sowing made during the next week or two will provide a later supply which can be used either as flageolets or as haricots for the winter. For the same purpose a sowing of *Comtesse de Chambord*, *Brown Dutch* or *Masterpiece* should be made, and along the top of the celery trenches or between the rows of peas a few rows of French beans can be sown. The same situation is excellent for sowing a few rows of lettuce at regular intervals, and between the rows of peas a sowing of spinach will be found to give a good return.

After a slow start, onions are now making headway, and the soil must be kept well stirred between the rows. Where sowing has been done thinly there will be no need for further thinning. Leeks will now be ready for transplanting, and as they are put out in their rows give them plenty of water and keep the ground clean. Turnips and carrots both call for immediate thinning, and with the latter the operation must be done carefully to prevent attack by the carrot fly. Further sowings of *Early Horn* carrots and quick-maturing varieties of turnips will provide valuable late supplies. It is a good plan to make a sowing of *Batavian* endive during the next week or two, for sown now, it will provide salads in early winter when lettuces are scarce.

Most potatoes are now ready for earthing up, an operation that is best carried out in easy stages, but make certain that the soil is drawn well up to the plants. There should be no delay in getting Brussels sprouts, broccoli, kales and winter greens put out into their permanent quarters.

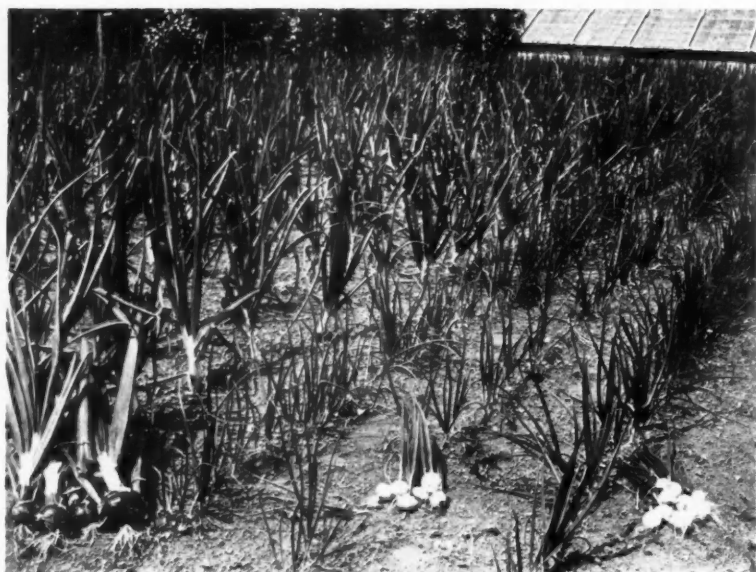
During the month, tomatoes and cucumbers grown under glass should be giving generous crops, and fruit of both these should be removed from the plants as early as possible; otherwise an unnecessary strain is placed on the plants which undoubtedly reduces their cropping powers. Both crops will benefit greatly from feeding, and with the many fertilisers now available this should be a comparatively easy matter. Top-dressing, too, if not yet carried out should be attended to, and while a good, rather heavy compost is necessary for the tomatoes, an easy and rapid method which will serve the cucumbers well is to cut turves about one and a half inches thick and a foot wide and simply place these on the beds, grass side down, after the beds have been thoroughly soaked.

Some attention might be given this year to the possibility of having a crop to follow the normal one to provide a late supply. Tomatoes sown at the end of June will grow quite well outside until September, when they can be brought under glass, and, with comparatively little heat, will give a good return of slowly ripening fruit from October to Christmas.

Cucumbers should be sown again and grown on until reasonably large, when they may be planted in the beds in which the early crop grew, the whole of this early batch being cleared if possible, and the house washed, before the second crop is planted.

Tomatoes intended for outdoor planting have been growing very slowly indeed, but now that they are planted out, growth is more likely to be rapid and will call for early staking, disbudding and tying, as warm nights encourage growth. Where they have been hardened off carefully, the benefit of such treatment will be obvious within a week or two, whereas improperly hardened off plants will be suffering badly from checks caused by recent cold weather. Any vacant bed can well be filled with tomatoes, for they combine beauty with utility and are an ornament to any lawn in the late summer.

All frames, having been cleared of their earlier vegetable and salad crops, should have their soil stirred and aerated for a day or two, and then filled with such quickly maturing crops as radish, lettuce, carrots, turnips, beet and mustard and cress. G. C. T.



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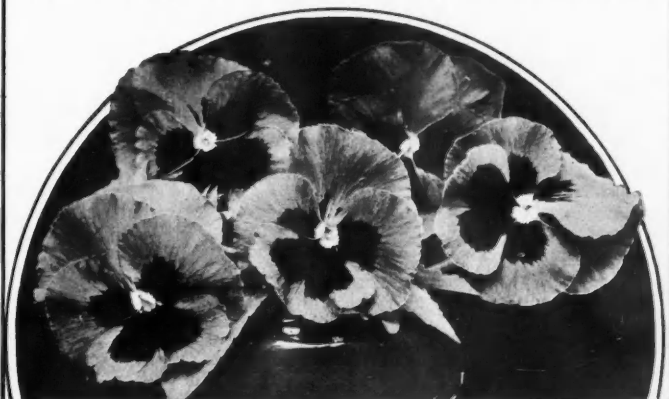
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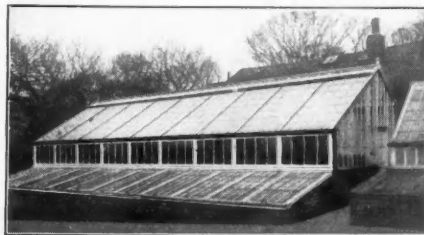
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## FARMING NOTES

## HARVEST PROSPECTS: CORN AND HAY

**S**EVERAL days' rain towards the end of May gave a great spurt to growth in the south. The north had a soak several days before. The rain was long overdue and some warmer nights too. White frosts on many mornings into mid-May kept back all growth, and the corn crops were at least a fortnight behind the calendar. There is an old saying which runs something like this:

Oats in May drive the farmer away.  
Oats in June, he sings a different tune.

That has certainly been true this year. The oats were a most depressing sight and the barley no better. Now the bare patches are not nearly so obvious and we can look at the corn with some pleasure and hopeful anticipations of harvest. Nothing will undo the damage that the wireworm and leather-jackets did while the corn stood still in April and May, but all the extra nitrogen that went on this spring is now showing results in vivid emerald green on every side. I am told that the amount of nitrogenous fertilisers applied to the land this season is just double the normal. That should give the nation many thousand tons more cereals. More grassland also has been top dressed and we should see the benefit in bulky crops of hay. The crop will be exceptionally late, but June may make amends for May and give us the chance to get a fairly full crop of good quality.

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**W**ITH a much reduced acreage of permanent grass the total tonnage of hay must be below the quantity made in a normal year, and we need high quality stuff more than ever before. For quality, the golden rule is: Cut early when the grasses are in flower and before the heads run to seed and the stems to fibre. Early cut hay needs careful watching. The less it is turned and handled the better. The

leaves of the grasses and clovers are the most nutritious part, and with overmuch handling they break off and are lost. The North Country way of putting hay up into cocks to dry has much to commend it, even in the drier counties of the south in catchy weather. There is much to be said, too, for the practice of salting the rick, sprinkling a few handfuls of salt every two or three feet as the rick goes up. This certainly checks fermentation in young stuff, although it is not a guarantee against spontaneous combustion. In my district there will be more seeds hay than usual, and, with more ploughing up of grassland in prospect, we are rapidly approaching the stage when nearly all the hay will be from leys and little from permanent meadowland, except on some farms that lie too wet to plough.

\*\*\*

**N**ORTHUMBERLAND has always struck me as an exceptionally well farmed county, where the farmers are zealous for the fertility of their land. It surprised me to hear from an acquaintance that there are "a great many manure heaps of ripe vintage lying in the steadings and home paddocks undisturbed even this year, when every bit of fertility ought to be applied to the land." Well, the War Agricultural Committees have powers to serve directions on a man to spread the manure from a heap that is wasting and to prosecute him if he fails to do their bidding. In most cases a word of advice would be all that was necessary.

\*\*\*

**L**AMBING did not go too well in Northumberland. On some hill farms some very heavy losses among the Cheviot ewes occurred in the February snowstorms, and the survivors were too weak to feed their lambs. I hear of one case where the crop of lambs is only three per score of ewes. This is disaster for the flock-

master, who has no other source of income but his sheep. He has not been cheered on his way by the announcement of this year's pool prices. On the average the rise over 1940 is about 15 per cent., which seems hardly adequate to compensate for a 25 per cent. rise in the shepherd's wages and various other increases in costs during the past 12 months. The Ministry of Supply have been niggardly over these wool prices as they were last year. It is a pity that the decision is left to this department, which has no concern with agriculture. Wool prices are an essential consideration in sheep farming, especially in the hill country, and as the agricultural departments are giving a subsidy on hill ewes to encourage the maintenance of hill flocks, it seems elementary common sense to link up wool prices with this policy. All the talk about encouraging hill sheep and hurdle sheep does not square with manure wool prices.

\*\*\*

**M**R. ALEC HOBSON deserves the heartiest congratulations on the success he is making of the pig club movement. To have inspired the formation of 1,000 pig clubs in 12 months is something worth while. Mr. Hobson, who is well known to many people as the secretary of the National Pig Breeders' Association, has a happy knack of getting people to do what he wants, and as he is an indefatigable worker himself, the achievements to his credit are double what might reasonably be expected from a more ordinary person. These pig clubs formed in towns and villages have helped many novices on the road to success, seeing that they get sound stock, that they know how to feed their pigs to get the best results from the kitchen waste that necessarily now forms the bulk of the ration, and that they know how to cure the pig in the end to make good bacon that will keep.



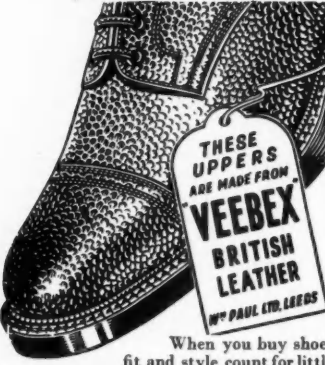
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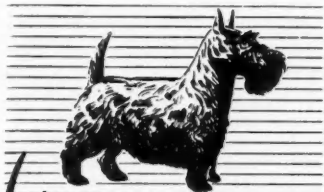
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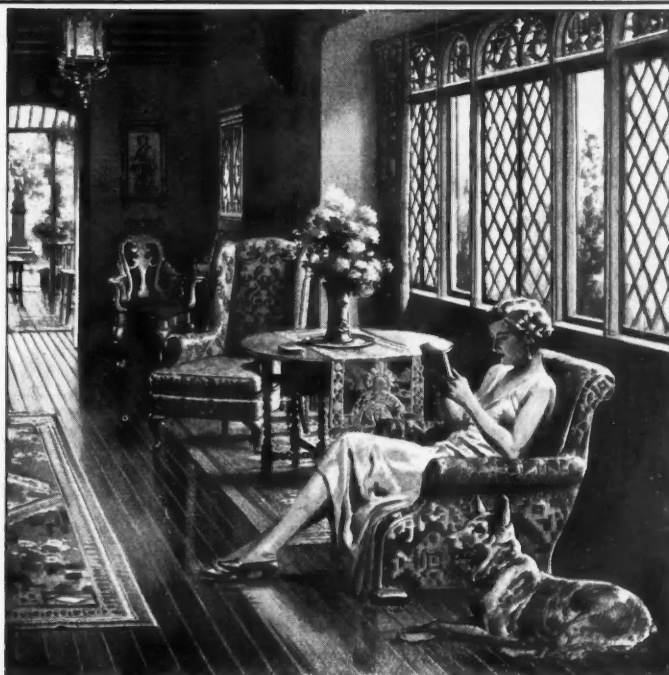
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## THE DAY OF THE LITTLE DRESS

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

**I** ASKED a very well-known dressmaker the other day for her views on the evening dress question. What are women wearing at home—or at the quiet parties of our day—for dinner? Is the full *toilette* still asked for and, with summer here, what will take the place of the long-skirted, and often long-sleeved, dress in lovely soft woollen materials, generally in some exquisite colour, which have been such a standby to us all? It might be a little too warm soon, if we have, as seems likely, a real summer, and perhaps a little tiresome to walk in if we were making use of the lovely long evenings that double daylight-saving has given us to be out in the fresh air of which the darkening of our windows so often deprives us.

My authority replied without hesitation that this is the day of the little dress. There will be for some of us many occasions that will demand something more formal, but most women will spend most evenings of their lives in some version of the little dress which will be equally the thing for any form of afternoon entertainment. On chilly evenings we may happily revert to our woollen frocks, but generally the short-skirted, elbow-sleeved little frock will be what we shall put on after a day in uniform or practical tub frock or light-weight coat and skirt.

This is not only a sensible but a very attractive innovation and one that I might have expected in view of the fact that everywhere one goes little frocks, pretty or smart, delicate or dashing, simply clamour for attention. The one I illustrate on this page comes from Messrs. Peter Robinson (Oxford Circus), and for quiet distinction I have not seen anything to equal it. Made in the most delicate shade of

(Left) An amusing double frill of fine black lace on a smart white straw hat

(Centre) The new bonnet shape in Panama straw, with a simple ribbon; to be worn well on the back of the head

(Right) This very smart felt hat has a cluster of lilies of the valley on the brim and a long veil knotted at the back

grey in a soft moss crepe, it is cut to fall in charming folds from the shoulder to the waistline—which is broken by a block of fine gauging—and then on to the hem. There is a small sash of the material at the back and a high neckline in front, the sole trimming—and how discriminating it is—being an open-work design across the *corsage* embroidered in the pale grey but mounted over darker net to emphasise its effect.

The fashion of wearing no hat or merely carrying something of the sort in one's hand has been defeated—so far as town wear is concerned—by the charm of the new summer

models. I do not think that many women free to choose could resist such a hat as the one at the head of this page, with the cluster of lilies of the valley at the front. A feature that took my fancy was the long fine veil which practically covers the hair at the back and is knotted at the nape of the neck. This comes from Messrs. Derry and Toms (South Kensington) and from them also the charming white straw, somewhat in shape like a top hat, with its business-like band of ribbon contradicted by the frills of black lace on the brim at the back. Felt, by the bye, will be worn much more this summer than in recent years. The other hat is a simple but very charming version of the new bonnet shape which would be perfect for a really youthful wearer, though I venture to predict that, in less severe form, we shall all be wearing them a few months hence.

Writing recently about Spectator Sports (30, Cavendish Square, W.1) I mentioned what very nice linen dresses they were showing, some in dark colours,



Dover Street Studios

A LITTLE DRESS OF THE TYPE WHICH IS CARRYING ALL BEFORE IT, IN SOFTEST GREY CREPE WITH EMBROIDERED OPENWORK TRIMMING



First Gesture  
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'ELSA' is a pure silk crepe frock in spotted yellow and white on bands of grey and black. The skirt is pleated and the belt is of black patent leather.

Average sizes 11½ gns.

(Other shades and sizes to order.)

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Model Gowns—first floor

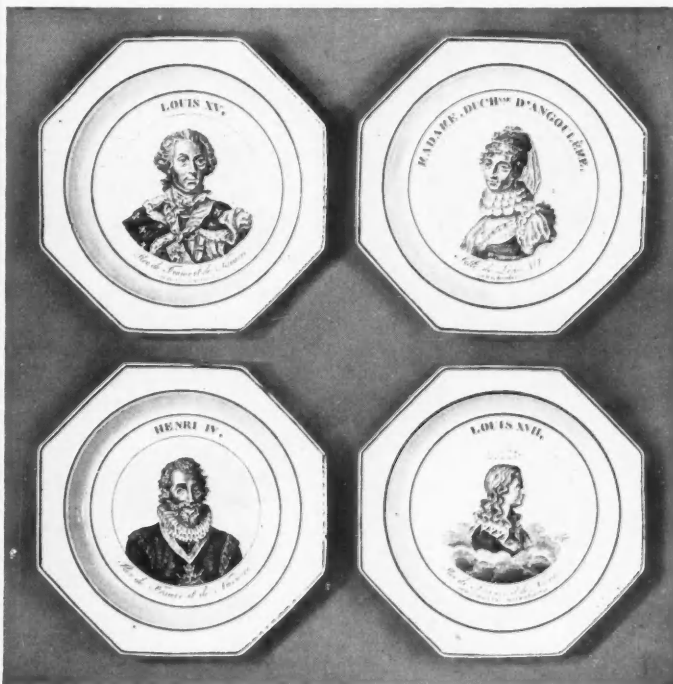
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and all, though very pretty, very useful too. I am able to illustrate to-day a linen dress of theirs carried out in navy blue with a very slight relief in the form of star buttons. It really is a model of what a war-time dress should be, with its perfect fit and simple lines, for it has the neatness of uniform with the attractiveness of ordinary dress.

One of the effects of dress restrictions will be to make the black "foundation" dress more popular than ever, and I have one to show here chosen from very many styles at Cresta Silks, Limited (190, Sloane Street, S.W.1; Welwyn Garden City, and other addresses). This dress is in a mixture of artificial silk and wool and has long sleeves and a high neck and, what I particularly liked, an interesting back. The buttons and sash and bustle effect are perfectly charming, and this sort of designing, which takes into account the importance of the back view of a

big decisions affecting a whole nation have to be taken. The hat-minded are very much cheered to find that millinery is unaffected, and indeed it is a comfort, for the right hat can not only make an old frock or suit look fresh again but has a tonic effect on its wearer. It is a little difficult yet to see quite how everything will work out, but of three things I am perfectly sure: one is that good clothes are the wisest investment, the second that few of us will suffer any deprivation that will really matter as mattering goes in war-time, and the third that Englishwomen on the whole will be just as well turned out and good to look at as ever if not so much affected by changes of fashion.

I spent a spare half-hour in Oxford Street the other day and found a great many pretty things being offered and prices by no means soaring out of sight. At Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's I saw the prettiest stockings in ribbed sole thread in many delightful colours—light blue and green, yellow and red. I can't imagine anything nicer to complete a country tweed suit or to go with one's country tub frocks, and as far as coupons go they are likely to wear much better than silk. In this store I ran to earth some great daisies with dark centres—navy blue or brown I think was the choice—of which three or even two make a most striking posy. I had known they were in existence but had no idea where to find them. Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove were showing them on a high-crowned navy blue straw hat which was to accompany a navy blue dress and a small white linen jacket whose severe cut was in amusing contrast to another cluster of big flowers poised high on the right shoulder.

Already one woman I know who is the lucky possessor of a good many pieces of old lace, large and small, is seeing in them, as berthas, collars and jabots, excellent relief to "foundation" dresses. Most of us will soon, I expect, find ourselves making similar useful discoveries among our put-by treasures.



NAVY BLUE LINEN MAKES  
THIS NEAT LITTLE FROCK  
FOR HOT DAY WEAR

dress is, curiously enough, all too rare.

This dress would do endless service in any wardrobe, taking on quite a fresh aspect according to whether it was worn with a pearl necklace, some comparatively cheap lovely thing in the way of modern pinchbeck, a posy of gay flowers, or *lingerie*—or trubenised—collars and cuffs. Belts and sashes will help to ring the changes also. Under a coloured odd jacket it will wear yet another guise.

For several days now, as I write, any conversation about clothes has inevitably veered before very long to the question of coupons. The would-be patriotic people who were "making do" seem in a rather worse position, being faced with the restrictions while possessing only ill-stocked wardrobes, than those who had laid in dozens of everything, but these individual incidents of ill luck always do occur when



A FOUNDATION DRESS IN A FINE WOOL AND  
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**"Wartime dishes" need**  
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**THIN or**  
**THICK**  
*Sir?*

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 with new apron front, square  
 toe, and thick crepe  
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4. New twin strap in  
 suede, perfectly fitting last  
 for tender feet. In black,  
 brown, wine, navy, lime green  
 and bronze kid. **79/6**  
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5. New high cut court  
 in suede and kid, with  
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Also Court shoe in crocodile,  
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"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD

No. 594

SOLUTION to No. 593

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of June 7, will be announced next week.

FIREWOOD GREECE  
R E I D I A X  
EXTERIOR UNTRUE  
S A I U G D R  
CORONERS CLARET  
O D G SHY E U I  
D E STAMEN  
S D PARADES S G  
CHERRY R E  
R P I PEW S C I  
ACORNS DAMPDOWN  
G S T G A R P  
EXILED BROWNOWL  
N T R A N N A  
DESIST EMISSARY

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 594, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, June 19, 1941.

The winner of Crossword No. 592 is  
R. Heathcote-Hacker, Esq., "Sitka," Southill Road,  
Chislehurst, Kent.

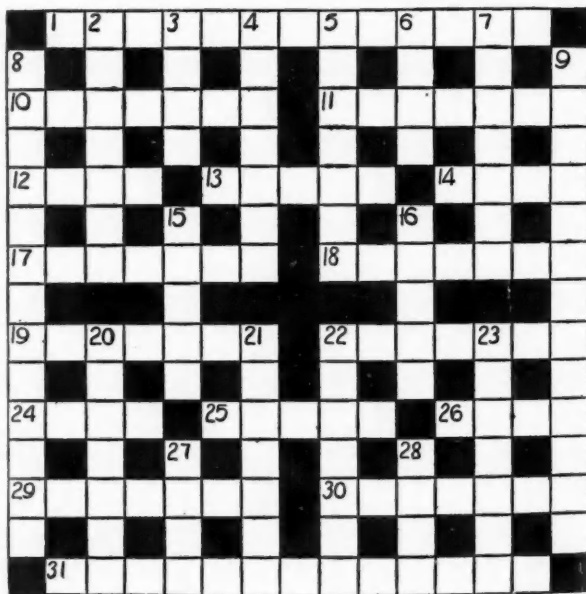
ACROSS.

1. Four bowmen (two words, 6, 7)
10. "Its role" (anagr.) (7)
11. Leading at cards, or just getting the players together? (two words, 5, 2)
- 12 and 13. By the sound of them they should be coming from the Highlands (9)
14. Shakespeare of Avon (4)
17. It is, apparently, rare with R.A.'s to get into them (7)
18. They are made by the progressive (7)
19. Tin vessel set in wood but altogether with ecclesiastical associations (7)
22. Not cakes and ale, but cake and wine (7)
24. "—springs eternal in the human breast"—Pope (4)
- 25 and 26. Is there space in it, then, for a little more whisky? (two words, 5, 4)
29. Noise made by the Red Hunt (7)
30. Alternative place in Somerset to get fruit from (7)
31. Disease caught by Haw Haw? (two words, 6, 7)

DOWN.

2. A believer in the balance of power (7)
3. One kind of oak (4)
4. They are let in to let out (7)
5. What Time does with the carpet of history (7)
6. Not a serious defeat in the ball-room (4)
7. Furnished with money, but the last portion not paid up? (7)
8. What this puzzle is in (three words, 5, 3, 5)
9. It came to grief 353 years ago (two words, 7, 6)
- 15 and 16. Is she always on the point of being married in Fleet Street? (two words, 5, 5)
20. Pare, cut, mix: then take (7)
21. Formerly in the running: it still is in Rome (7)
22. "If thou would'st view fair—aright Go visit it by the pale moonlight"—Scott (7)
23. What the seas do for us without our enemies' assistance (7)
27. First man in the race (4)
28. More than kings of the air (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 594



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GRAND HOUSE.  
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Russell Square.  
LANHAM HOTEL.  
Portland Place, W.1.  
PARK LANE HOTEL.  
Piccadilly, W.1.  
PICCADILLY HOTEL.  
Piccadilly, W.1.  
RITZ HOTEL.  
Piccadilly, W.1.  
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WOOLACOMBE BAY (N. DEVON).  
Woolacombe Bay Hotel.  
YELVERTON.  
Moorland Links Hotel.

## DORSETSHIRE

CHARMOUTH.  
The Court.  
SHAFTESBURY.  
Coombe House Hotel.  
SHERBORNE.  
Digby Hotel.  
STUDLAND BAY.  
Knoll House Hotel.

## DURHAM

DURHAM.  
Royal County Hotel.

## ESSEX

FRINTON-ON-SEA.  
Beach Hotel.

## GLOUCESTERSHIRE

GLOUCESTER.  
New County Hotel, Southgate Street.  
TEWKESBURY.  
Royal Hop Pole Hotel.

## HAMPSHIRE

BROCKENHURST.  
Forest Park Hotel.  
BOURNEMOUTH.  
Branksome Tower Hotel.  
Canford Cliffs Hotel.  
Carlton Hotel.  
Grand Hotel.  
Highcliffe Hotel.  
Norfolk Hotel.  
BOURNEMOUTH (Sandbanks).  
The Haven Hotel.  
LIPHOOK.  
Royal Anchor Hotel.  
LYNDHURST.  
Crown Hotel.  
NEW MILTON.  
Grand Marine Hotel.  
Barton-on-Sea.  
ODHAM.  
George Hotel.  
SOUTHSEA.  
Sandringham Hotel.  
STONE CROSS.  
(near Lyndhurst).  
Compton Arms Hotel.  
WINCHESTER.  
Royal Hotel.

## HEREFORDSHIRE

HEREFORD.  
Hop Pole Hotel.  
ROSS-ON-WYE (near).  
Mount Craig Hotel.  
ROSS-ON-WYE.  
Royal Hotel.

## HERTFORDSHIRE

BUSHEY.  
Bushey Hall Hotel.  
LITTLE GADDESSEN.  
Bridgewater Arms Hotel.  
ROYSTON.  
Banys Hotel.  
WELWYN GARDEN CITY.  
Guesen's Court Hotel.

## HUNTINGDONSHIRE

HUNTINGDON.  
George Hotel.  
ST. IVES.  
Golden Lion Hotel.

## ISLE OF WIGHT

SHANKLIN.  
Shanklin Towers Hotel.

## KENT

DOVER (St. Margaret's Bay).  
The Granville Hotel.  
FOLKESTONE.  
Burlington Hotel.  
HYTHE.  
The Hotel Imperial.  
IGTHAM.  
Town House.  
SEVENOAKS, RIVERHEAD.  
The Amherst Arms Hotel.  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.  
Wellington Hotel.  
WESTERHAM.  
King's Arms Hotel.

## LANCASHIRE

SOUTHPORT.  
Victoria Hotel.  
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA.  
Grand Hotel.

## LINCOLNSHIRE

GRANTHAM.  
Angel and Royal Hotel.  
George Hotel.  
HOLBEACH.  
Chequers Hotel.  
LINCOLN.  
White Hart Hotel.  
STAMFORD.  
George Hotel.

## MONMOUTH

LLANGIBBY.  
Court Bledwyn.

## NORFOLK

BLAKENEY.  
Blakeney Hotel.  
CROMER.  
Grand Hotel.

## NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

FOTHERINGHAY.  
Manor Farm Country Hotel.  
KETTERING.  
George Hotel.  
PETERBOROUGH.  
Angel Hotel.  
Bull Hotel.

## NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

NR. RETFORD.  
Barby Moor, Ye Olde Bell Hotel.

## OXFORDSHIRE

MINSTER LOVELL.  
The Old Swan.  
OXFORD.  
Randolph Hotel.

## SHROPSHIRE

CHURCH STRETTON.  
The Hotel.

## SOMERSET

BATH.  
Lansdown Grove Hotel.  
Lansdown Hotel, Brockham End.  
EXFORD (near Minehead).  
Crown Hotel.  
HOLFORD.  
Alfoxton Park Hotel (closed during the war).  
MINEHEAD.  
Beach Hotel.  
Hotel Metropole.  
TAUNTON.  
Castle Hotel.

## STAFFORDSHIRE

ECCELSHALL (near).  
Bishops Offley Manor, Guest House.  
UTTOXETER.  
White Hart Hotel.

## SUFFOLK

ALDEBURGH-ON-SEA.  
White Lion Hotel.  
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.  
Angel Hotel.  
BARTON MILLS.  
(near Bury St. Edmunds).  
The Bull Inn.  
FELIXSTOWE.  
Felix Hotel.  
SOUTHWOLD.  
Grand Hotel.

## SURREY

CHURCH (near Farnham).  
Frensham Pond Hotel.  
GODALMING.  
The Lake Hotel.  
GUILDFORD (near).  
Newlands Corner Hotel.  
HASLEMERE.  
Georgian Hotel.  
KINGSWOOD (WARREN).  
Kingswood Park Guest House.  
PEASLAKE (near Guildford).  
Hurtwood Hotel.  
SANDERSTEAD.  
Selsdon Park Hotel.  
WEYBRIDGE.  
Oatlands Park Hotel.  
WIMBLEDON.  
Southdown Hall Hotel.

## SUSSEX

BRIGHTON.  
Norfolk Hotel.  
Old Ship Hotel.  
BRIGHTON (SALTDEAN).  
Ocean Hotel.  
CROSS-IN-HAND.  
Pessingworth Park Hotel.  
CROWBOROUGH.  
Crest Hotel, Tel. 394.  
The Beacon Hotel.  
EASTBOURNE.  
Alexandra Hotel.

## Sussex—continued

HASTINGS.  
Queen's Hotel.  
HOVE.  
New Imperial Hotel.  
Prince's Hotel.  
Dudley Hotel.  
LEWES.  
White Hart Hotel.  
PETWORTH.  
Swan Hotel.  
ROTTINGDEAN.  
Tudor Close Hotel.  
ST. LEONARDS.  
Royal Victoria Hotel.  
Sussex Hotel.  
WYCH CROSS (Forest Row).  
The Roebuck Hotel.

## WARWICKSHIRE

BIRMINGHAM.  
New Grand Hotel.  
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.  
The William and Mary Hotel.  
WESTMORLAND.  
AMBLESIDE.  
The Queen's Hotel.  
GRASMERE.  
Prince of Wales Lake Hotel.  
WINDERMERE.  
Langdale Chase Hotel.  
Rigg's Crown Hotel.

## WILTSHIRE

EAST EVERLEIGH.  
MARLBOROUGH.  
The Crown Hotel.  
SALISBURY.  
Old George Hotel.  
County Hotel.

## WORCESTERSHIRE

BROADWAY.  
Dormy Guest House.  
(Broadway Golf Club.)  
The Lygon Arms.  
DROITWICH SPA.  
Raven Hotel.

## YORKSHIRE

BOROUGHBRIDGE.  
Three Arrows Hotel.  
CATTERICK BRIDGE.  
The Bridge House Hotel.  
SCARBOROUGH.  
Royal Hotel.  
SOUTH STAINLEY.  
(near Harrogate).  
Red Lion Inn.  
YORK.  
Young's Hotel, High Petergate.

## IRELAND (EIRE)

ENNISTYMON (Co. CLARE).  
Falls Hotel.  
LOUGH ARROW (Co. SLIGO).  
Hollybrook House Hotel.  
LUCAN (Co. DUBLIN).  
Spa Hotel.  
WATERSVILLE (Co. KERRY).  
Bay View Hotel.  
Butler Arms Hotel.

## NORTHERN IRELAND

BANGOR (Co. DOWN).  
Royal Hotel.  
BELFAST.  
Grand Central Hotel.  
PORTRUSH.  
Seabank Hotel.

## SCOTLAND ARGYLLSHIRE

KIMELFORD.  
Culfaill Hotel.  
LOCH AWE.  
Loch Awe Hotel.  
OBAN.  
Alexandra Hotel.  
TOBERMORY (Isle of Mull).  
Western Isles Hotel.

## Scotland—continued

AYRSHIRE.  
SKELMORLIE.  
Skelmorlie Hydro.  
TROON.  
Marine Hotel.

## BUTESHIRE

ROTHESAY.  
Glenburn Hotel.

## FIFESHIRE

ST. ANDREWS.  
The Grand Hotel.

## INVERNESS-SHIRE

CARRBRIDGE.  
Carrbridge Hotel.  
INVERNESS.  
Caledonian Hotel.  
ONICH.  
Creag-Dhu Hotel.  
PORTREE.  
Portree Hotel.

## KINCARDINESHIRE

BANCHORY.  
Tor-na-Coille Hotel.

## MORAYSHIRE

GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY.  
Grant Arms Hotel.

## PERTHSHIRE

BLAIR ATHOLL.  
Atholl Arms Hotel.  
GLENDEVON (near Glenaeles).  
Castle Hotel.  
Telephone: Muckhart 27.  
PERTH.  
Windsor Restaurant,  
38, St. John Street.  
PITLOCHRY.  
Pitlochry Hydro.

## ROSS-SHIRE

STRATHPEFFER.  
Spa Hotel.

## SUTHERLANDSHIRE

LAIRC.  
Altnaharra Hotel.

## WIGTOWNSHIRE

STRANRAER.  
Auld King's Arms.

## WALES

CAPEL CURIG.  
Tyn-y-Coed Hotel.  
DOLGELLEY.  
Golden Lion Royal Hotel.  
LLANGOLLEN.  
The Hand Hotel.  
SAUNDERSFOOT, TENBY.  
St. Brides Hotel.

## FOREIGN HOTELS

## CEYLON

COLOMBO.  
Galle Face Hotel.  
KANDY.  
Queen's Hotel.

## JAPAN

KOBE.  
Oriental Hotel.

## SOUTH AFRICA

KENYA COLONY (THIKA).  
Blue Posts Hotel.

Published by the Proprietors, COUNTRY LIFE, LIMITED, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, and by GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, Tower House, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. Printed in England by THE STEN ENGRAVING CO., LTD., London and Watford.

Annual subscription rates, including postage: Inland, 63/6; Foreign and Colonial, 65/-; Canada, 50/-; Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Limited. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited. For America: International News Company, Limited, 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.

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# Country Life

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2317.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for  
Canadian Magazine Post.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1941.

Published Weekly, Price ONE SHILLING.  
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.  
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